My Book
of
Missionary Heroines
by
Anna Canada Swain

Prepared for the World Wide Guild
and
Other Young Women's Groups

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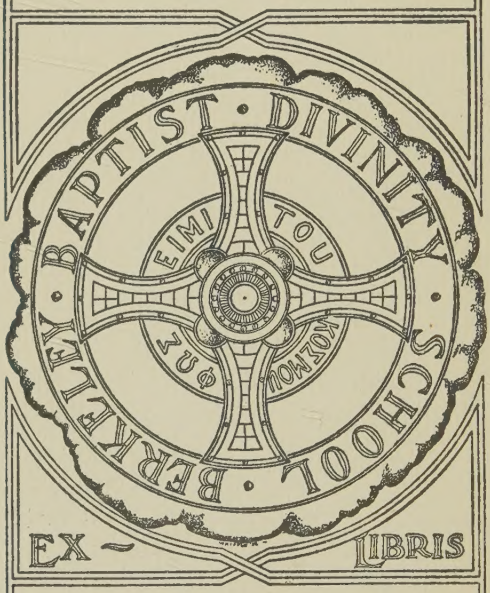

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FOREWORD

My Book of Missionary Heroines

Women were early at the tomb of Jesus, and they were early in telling the good news of His Kingdom. We have all too long delayed a just recognition of the woman adventurers in the Christian enterprise. In the early days of missionary service, there went forth a band of strong and resolute women who by their patience and fortitude wrought heroically by the side of their husbands and their kin in order that nations and races might receive the gift of God in Jesus Christ. Much has been written about our pioneer heroes with whose work we are fairly well acquainted. We suspect that much of the credit which has been given to them is due in large measure to the missionary heroines who held up their hands and bore with them equally the sacrifices and perils of the great adventure. It is a pleasure, therefore, to present especially to the young women of the churches, these heroic women in the following biographical sketches. It is hoped that the inspiration which led to their going forth will likewise awaken strong desires and aspirations for the making of a better world. The author of these biographical stories, Mrs. Anna Canada Swain, has so well interpreted these lives that we hope for their wide acceptance and acquaintance.

NOTE—"Crown Jewels", by Anna Canada Swain, is a booklet containing a series of 10 programs based on these Missionary Biographies, and is available for 25c. Guild girls desiring to popularize these biographies will find the programs of great value.

CHAPTER I

A Honeymoon That Lasted!

MARY MOFFAT, 1795-1870

Outline—

A. Early life.
   1. Robert's and Mary's early interest in missions.
   2. They meet.
   3. Their plan and its apparent failure.
   4. Robert goes to Africa.
   5. Robert and Afrikaner.
   6. Mary sails.

B. Their life together.
   1. Their honeymoon.
   2. Their home.
   3. Their children.
   4. Their failures.
   5. Their successes.
      a. The language.
      b. The communion set.
      c. The translation.
   6. England and Livingstone.
   7. Work in Africa.

C. Conclusion of a long and happy life.

CHAPTER I

A Honeymoon That Lasted!

MARY MOFFAT

What a glorious honeymoon! To be sure there was no luxurious Pullman or ocean liner or happy family to wish them Godspeed, and as for trousseau and wedding presents—well—*they* were hard to find! Only three springless ox-wagons fitted up for the long trek of seven hundred miles over South African valleys and mountains and deserts to distant Lattakoo—*but*—in those wagons were Robert and Mary, together at last, and on the great adventure for which they had been longing so almost hopelessly for the last few years.

While they are jogging at the rate of fifteen miles—a day,—not an hour—bumpily on their way, there is plenty of time to hear all about it—and, of course, any girl *would* want to know how a mere child like Mary Smith ever got up courage to start out all alone in a dirty little sailing vessel on a six thousand mile trip to join twenty-three-year-old Robert Moffat in dry desolate South Africa.

It had all started years before when they were both children, and had heard stories of Moravian missionaries from their parents. There was a fascination about those tales from which neither could seem to escape—and so, when the boy Robert had come to work for Mary's father on his farm, it was the most natural thing in the world for them to talk over together their dreams for the future. At first it looked as though nothing would come of these plans; for, although young Robert offered himself to the London Missionary Society, he was not accepted, since there were so many volunteers and Robert's education had been so meager.

And then suddenly everything changed. Robert was accepted and was ordered to sail within a few months. Joyously he hastened to Mary Smith—but, although she was eager to go, her father and mother would not consent.

Most boys, loving Mary as he did, would have given up right there, but neither Robert nor Mary were made of that "sort of stuff". Despite his heavy heart he wrote his parents: "O that I had a thousand lives and a thousand bodies! All of them should be devoted to no other employ-

ment but to preach Christ to those degraded, despised, yet beloved mortals. I have not repented in becoming a missionary, and, should I die on the march and never enter the field of battle, all would be well."

And so the twenty-one-year-old boy started out without the girl he loved, and began his work in that land so full of ignorance and sin. And Mary, back in England, watched eagerly for his letters which came so seldom, and prayed that sometime she might join him in order that she might be sure he was eating properly and was taking the needed care of himself.

But it all looked more and more hopeless, and at last after two years she wrote him that probably she would never be able to join him. That letter almost broke both their hearts.

And then one day came a letter to Mary and her parents —a letter which had been seven or eight months on its journey—and it had come direct from the kraal of Afrikaner, the wicked outlaw. What a marvelous tale it told of the success which God was having through young Robert. To those parents suddenly came a vision of the loneliness to which they were dooming God's messenger. Far into the night they talked, and then they decided they could no longer keep Mary at home with them.

Can you imagine the mingled joy and sorrow of the next few months? Plans to be made, packing to be done, letters to be written and—farewells to be said. And finally Mary started alone on her six thousand mile journey. Behind lay England which she would not see again for over twenty years, and the mother whom she would never again see on this earth; but before her was her beloved Robert and a work to which she felt that God called her.

In a miraculous way, Robert was in Cape Town when her ship came at last into port, but so overcome was he by his joy that he could not go down to the ship to meet her. A friend brought her ashore and up to the house where he waited, and at last after all the weary months and years of waiting they were clasped in each other's arms.

Yes, it was a glorious honeymoon for they were like children travelling through an enchanted land as they started on their journey together which was to last for fifty-three short adventurous years.

It seemed almost like a dream when just seven months after leaving England, Mary found herself at last in Lattakoo, the place of which she had heard so much, and

MARY MOFFAT

for which she had longed. Many times it must have seemed like a bad dream in which she was living. Their first home, one room with mud floor and walls, offered no privacy from the prying curiosity of their filthy black neighbors.

And into it all, in about a year, came another little Mary, a girl destined not only to be known as the daughter of the heroic Robert and Mary Moffat, but also as the wife of the great explorer-missionary, David Livingstone. No girl could have had better training for the life she was destined to lead.

Life was never a humdrum existence with the Moffat family. Despite the fact that the people were tricky and hateful, and perversely would not try to see what these strange white people were trying to do for them, they went steadily on, knowing down deep in their hearts that in years to come somehow God would enable them to overcome the superstition, and filth, and sin, which surrounded them.

More than once, as their family grew, Mary stood surrounded by her children, not knowing what horrible death might be theirs within a few hours. But always she proudly backed her husband in all he said, and so sure did she seem that some of the chiefs said to each other: "These white people must have ten lives, since they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality."

The first few years of Robert's and Mary's service in their adopted land was taken up in gaining the confidence of the people—and it was a queer way in which this was brought about. Reports began to come in of a terrible woman, who at the head of a great host of followers was sweeping the country. As near as Robert could estimate a host of about forty thousand accompanied her. Everyone was in a panic, intensified by a continual discussion of the matter.

Robert at last set out to find out how real the menace was that all were dreading. Mary who always liked to accompany him had to stay behind with her two babies. In agony all waited for Robert's report, for in this hour of real terror everyone turned instinctively to the strange white man for advice. In peace, they liked to be irresponsible black men, but when destruction threatened they realized that perhaps there was some good after all in these painstaking efforts and plans of the white man.

Finally, the horde came on, and Robert commanding one hundred black horsemen who were striving to act like white men, routed the forty thousand without a casualty on their side. But even despite this, fear still gripped the hearts of the simple-minded black people and the missionaries had to lead on when the path seemed well nigh hopeless—but they reached the goal, for at last they came to realize the unselfishness of these strange white people. The time had come to do the task which they had come so many miles to perform.

The next few months were anxious ones as Robert travelled about striving to help and protect these childlike people. At home alone for weeks at a time, Mary managed her small family, and watched and planned. For seven and a half years Robert had been in Africa, and it seemed as though his life had almost been wasted. In Lattakoo not a single person had shown any interest in their real purpose; in fact it almost seemed as if the people were totally lacking in any understanding of any kind of worship.

As, discouraged, Robert and Mary were talking it over one day, Mary made the suggestion which has since proved the solution of many missionary problems.

"We cannot expect," she said to him, "to be blessed in our work until we can talk to these people directly without interpreters."

From that moment Robert, despite his lack of early education which would have been so helpful to him at this juncture, started in to learn a language which had no written form and to put it into spelling books, catechisms and portions of the Bible. Every spare moment for year after year was put into this sort of work and the results surpassed their wildest dreams.

One day Mary received a letter from an old friend in England, asking what gift she might send her, and Mary, confident in her soul that victory was bound to come, wrote back, despite the fact that as yet not a single convert had come forward: "Send us a communion service."

And then a miracle happened. Those dirty, lazy, superstitious people gradually began to change. Lessons in their own language were proving fascinating. Instead of stolidly indifferent expressions, they were now turning eager attentive faces. Aaron Joseph and his three children were the first to ask for baptism, and they received the rite on the same day as little Robert Moffat.

In a strange way this new experience seemed to transform lives, for the people who had before been so lazy now began to offer their services in building a school house. They began to be interested in cleanliness and clothes, and even household furnishings began to engage their attention. And through all this, of course, the only white woman in the place had to take the lead.

Just two days before their first communion there arrived a package from England and in it was that communion service which Mary had had faith to ask for two years before.

Thus the work went happily on. The church grew and with it grew school houses, and gardens, and real homes, and so interested had the people become in reading that they began making candles that they might study at night. Not to be outdone in zeal Robert hastened to complete his translation of Luke and with his family jogged down to Cape Town to have it published in the Sechuana language with the rest of the New Testament.

Going back home after twenty-two years in Africa! They had not dreamed of doing such a thing, but they were forced to go, if the printing of the New Testament was to be an accomplished task. No press in Cape Town wanted to tackle the proposition and an English printer would need personal instructions.

So here were Robert and Mary and six children, all sailing for the home the children had never seen. The welcome these simple people received everywhere must have been rather overwhelming. All England and Scotland were thrilled by their coming. Great crowds gathered to hear news of what they had done in that distant land. The influence of that visit home cannot be measured.

For example, one of the people who heard Robert speak was young David Livingstone, who thrilled to his words when he said: "I have seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been." His influence took the young man to Africa rather than to China, and there he later married little Mary Moffat, that girl who was so wonderfully equipped to be the helpmate of a missionary explorer.

With a sigh of relief the Moffat family were at last on shipboard ready to return to their adopted home. Two of the children, Robert and Helen stayed in England. Helen was destined not to see her parents again for

twenty-seven years. Had it not been for this separation they would have been extremely happy to be leaving, for it had been a strenuous visit.

And what a welcome was awaiting them back home in Africa! Quickly they plunged into their beloved work, and the work prospered. Ten more years saw the completion of the translation of the Old Testament. The whole Bible had taken thirty years of painstaking, but loving work. Nor was the routine work neglected.

Livingstone was opening up new needs, and at the age of sixty-two Robert was asked to go out on another great pioneer venture, which would have failed had it not been for his tact, and knowledge and perseverance. Much sorrow came into the lives of Robert and Mary. Their first-born daughter, Mary, died in far away Zambesi, leaving behind a heart-broken husband, David Livingstone, who was destined himself to die in a remote country, but to be buried in Westminster Abbey and to be honored by the whole world. But despite it all, Robert and Mary went on always relying upon each other. "Robert can never say I hindered him in his work," Mary once remarked. "No, indeed", joined in her husband, "but I can tell you she has often sent me away from house and home for months together for evangelizing purposes and in my absence has managed the station as well or better than I could myself."

After more than fifty years of service they turned at last to England for the last time, leaving their son, John, in charge of the station; but within a year Mary, unaccustomed to the English climate, was called on to make another journey and this time alone, leaving behind her Robert to whom she had gone fifty-three years before. Who can say what his life would have been without her!

CHAPTER II

Heroine of Ava

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON, 1789-1826

Outline—

The story of Ann Hasseltine's life is so beautiful and so moving that you will want to spend a good deal of time on it. Every one should read "Ann of Ava," by Hubbard, and "Splendor of God," by Morrow.

A. Early life in Bradford. (Ann born in 1789.)
   1. Adoniram and "American Board."
   2. Adoniram proposes—Ann accepts.
   3. Harriet Atwood.
   4. The consecration service.
   5. Five sail Feb. 18, 1812.

B. Life in India.
   1. East India Company.
   2. Carey and Baptists.
   3. Isle of France and sorrow.
   4. Rangoon.
      a. Enemy.
      b. "Niagara Falls."
      c. Formation American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, May, 1814.
      d. Ann goes away for health.
      e. Adoniram goes away for health.
      f. Ann goes to America for health.
   5. Ava.
      a. Twenty-one months in prison.
         "Hand Shrink Not."
         Aungbinle.
      b. Peace.
   6. Amherst.

C. Death.

CHAPTER II

Heroine of Ava

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON

A vivacious, curly-haired, brown-eyed girl was putting the last touches to the dinner-table in the big dining room of her father's home. She was so excited that her dainty little hands trembled as she cut the delicious pies which had been placed on the broad window sills. Despite the hurry of preparation, she took surreptitious peeks, now and then, down the road to see whether the guests were yet in sight. At last they came in view—a group of men talking eagerly to the young man who made such a profound impression on everyone that very morning.

Ann Hasseltine felt her heart throbbing as he, with the others, entered the big colonial dining room. Their eyes met, and Adoniram, who had been so talkative on the walk from the church, became strangely silent. Little did anyone in the room suspect that the silence was due to the fact that the young man was busily composing a sonnet in honor of the beautiful Nancy who was waiting on her father's guests.

The next day, all of the group who were gathered together in Bradford, Massachusetts, in yearly meeting, were thrilled by the report of a committee of three which had been appointed the day before just after the passionate address of Adoniram Judson, a graduate of Brown University, who was just completing his study at the nearby Andover Seminary. The young man with three of his friends had made the astounding proposition that the Congregational churches there assembled should take upon themselves, as churches were beginning to do in England, the evangelization of the *whole* world.

The proposition had seemed to almost everyone there wildly romantic and unreasonable, but the enthusiasm of young Judson and his friends was so contagious that almost before they realized it, they were forming an organization to be known to this very day by the impressive name of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions", the very first foreign missionary society to be organized in America.

One day, several weeks after this soul stirring meeting, Nancy received a letter from the young man who had so impressed and delighted her. It brought a message which must have been not unexpected. Adoniram Judson begged her to marry him, and to go with him to the other side of the world as a missionary. It took many days for the attractive girl to make her decision. If only Adoniram had accepted the wonderful position offered him in a big Boston church, she would have said yes immediately. In those days it was no easy thing for a frail girl to leave her home and go to a land so remote that it might take a letter a year and a half to reach its destination. But Ann, despite her own fears and the advice of her friends and family, finally decided not only that she loved Adoniram, but also that she *wanted* to go as a missionary.

One of the first people in whom she confided was her dear friend, Harriet Atwood. The younger girl was much moved by the news, but within a month Harriet too had decided to become a missionary, for she had promised to marry Adoniram's friend, Samuel Newell.

It was a bitterly cold February day in 1812 when a large group of people might have been seen entering a Salem church. Everyone was much moved as five young men, Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, Gordon Hall, and Luther Rice, a new recruit to the ranks since the Bradford meeting, knelt at the front of the church, and were consecrated to missionary service on the other side of the world. Many eyes turned, too, to the pew where the kneeling figure of the beautiful Nancy Judson, a bride of one day, was to be seen, and to the delicate girl, Harriet Atwood, who was, within a few days, to marry Samuel Newell.

The little boat which was to carry five of these brave young adventurers—the Judson family, the Newells and Luther Rice—on their long journey, was already rocking in the harbor, and everyone in readiness for the start was awaiting the summons that meant that wind and tide were favorable. At last it came on a bitterly cold day—February eighteenth, 1812.

On January twenty-seventh, only twelve hundred dollars had been in the treasury of the new society, but three weeks later more than six thousand dollars had poured in and the needs of the missionaries were supplied for a year in advance.

The long, dangerous, tiresome voyage ended in Calcutta in the June of 1812, but the young people received

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON

a most hostile welcome. The East India Company, feeling that missionary work might harm their profitable trade among the natives, forbade an American mission to open anywhere in their domain. Since the Company controlled Great Britain's policy in India, and since the War of 1812 was causing strained relations between Great Britain and the United States, it was soon apparent that the young people must move on.

They spent ten days with William Carey at his mission in Serampore, and received his advice and counsel. Judson had for long been drawn to Burma, but Carey advised strongly against it, owing to the despotism of the government and the cruelty of the people. His own son was there as half-missionary and half-employee of the king but it had not worked out satisfactorily.

At last, in desperation, the group decided to go to the Isle of France, near Madagascar, where the East India Company was not in control. Unfortunately, however, only two passages could be procured on the vessel which was sailing, and Adoniram, Nancy and Luther Rice waved a sad farewell to Samuel and Harriet Newell.

For four long months the three young people remained in Calcutta, while they tried to plan their next move. Much of their time here was spent in theological discussion. On the boat Nancy and Adoniram, knowing that they would probably see and talk with the English Baptist, William Carey, had been looking into the beliefs of the Baptists. Adoniram, more and more, was forced to the feeling that their views were correct. At first Nancy had rebelled, but she too finally succumbed to the arguments of her young husband, and they announced to Luther Rice, that, hard as it was to do it, they could not conscientiously go on as missionaries of the Congregational churches. To their amazement, Luther Rice told them that he, too, had come to the same conclusion.

The three young people now found themselves in a difficult position. They could not accept the support of the American Board, but there was no Baptist Board in America. In this dilemma Carey offered help to tide them over until the American Baptists had received an appeal on their behalf.

The next few weeks were an anxious heartrending time as the young people attempted to make their escape from India, but at last they were en route for the Isle of France. It was a beautiful entrancing island which they finally

reached after nearly two months of storm and wind, but the beauty of it was blighted for them when they saw Samuel Newell. The young man was haggard and worn, and one look into his grief-stricken eyes told Ann that dear little Harriet was gone, and with her the little one who had been born far out on the Indian Ocean.

After consultation, Samuel was urged to go to Ceylon away from the scene of his sorrows, and Luther Rice returned to America to the task of arousing in American Baptists a missionary fervor which was to result in the foundation of the organization now known as the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, the second foreign missionary society in the United States. Adoniram and his young wife settled down in the Isle of France to decide on the strategic point in which to start their mission.

Their destination, they finally decided, should be Penang, but since there were no boats direct, they were forced to sail by the way of Madras. But the East India Company had not forgotten them and it was at once apparent that there would be trouble. In order to avoid being sent back to England, they embarked on the first ship available and that, it chanced, was bound for Rangoon, Burma. Ann was in such ill health when they embarked on the dirty vessel that a European serving woman was procured to accompany her as nurse, but within a few hours after sailing, the poor woman fell in a fit and died. The shock was too much for the worn out Nancy, and poor young Adoniram spent the whole voyage caring for her, in daily dread lest he should lose her.

The Rangoon of over a hundred years ago was very different from the beautiful city of today. Leaving Ann on shipboard, the young husband hastened ashore to hunt for the mission compound which young Carey was occupying. The city was frightfully dirty and, worst of all, near their future home was the place of public execution and the dump for the refuse of the city. To add to their discomfort, he discovered that young Carey was not at home, and that his Burmese wife and children did not speak English.

It was a heartsick young couple who finally settled themselves in their first home and proceeded to the first task of every missionary—the language. Adoniram was naturally scholarly, much to the delight of the learned Burmese, Maung Shway-gnong, who had been procured as a teacher. Even Ann, who, to the teacher's disgust

was also his pupil, proved a bright student. So anxious was Adoniram to get on with his task that it took all of the patient care that Ann could give to keep him from overtaxing his strength.

One morning they were inexpressibly shocked and sickened by the sounds of a crucifixion next door. As they could do nothing about it, and as they both felt that it was more than they could endure, they walked out toward the great pagoda. A long procession of people were going in the same direction, bearing gifts. At the foot of the hill all the devout believers were removing their shoes before going up the stairs to the Buddhist shrine. To the distress of Ann, Adoniram started up the stairs without removing his shoes. Angry cries came from all about them, and Ann softly begged him not to do anything foolish, but her husband was young and impetuous and anxious to assert himself, and he would not heed her warning. On the fourth step a Buddhist priest blocked their way and Adoniram, although he could as yet understand little of the language, knew from the expression on the face of the little priest that further progress might mean serious trouble for Ann as well as for himself, so he turned unwillingly back. Unfortunately, this impetuous act made a very powerful enemy, and even though Adoniram would not admit it at the time, he must have realized in after years that he would have done well to have listened to the common-sense advice of his beloved Ann.

As the young people gradually began to master the difficult language and to realize the hard situation which faced them, they felt that the time had come for them to make more acquaintances in high places. This feeling was accentuated when, one day, Adoniram was arrested and taken before the viceroy, who, urged on by the powerful priest, warned him against trying to Christianize Burma. With a sharp reprimand he was released, but Ann with her woman's intuition proposed that she try to bring about a better feeling by carrying a gift to the viceroy herself. Adoniram feared to have her do it, and wanted to do it himself, but she speedily convinced him that white men were no novelty to the viceroy, but as the only white *woman* in all the land she ought to make a profound impression.

After a good deal of thought and care they decided that Ann should take to him a little painting of Niagara Falls which had been among their wedding presents. She was

a beautiful picture herself as she came out for Adoniram's inspection, when she was ready. Her dainty gown of white muslin was high-waisted with little ruffles at neck and skirt edge. On her head was a white straw poke bonnet with a pink rosebud under the brim. In fear and trembling, Adoniram watched his brave little wife start for the palace. Two hours later she found an anxious husband pacing up and down in front of the regal residence, nervously awaiting her return.

She had succeeded in her mission, much to her delight. The inferior wives had delightedly welcomed her, and had eagerly begged to try on her hat, her shoes, and her mits, and then the vicereine had come in. They were just having a most delightful time together when the viceroy himself had stalked in. His scowl had changed to a delighted smile when he had discovered Ann, and he had hospitably offered her a glass of rum, a beverage which he understood all foreigners drank. Ann had declined, and then had presented her gift. He had been overjoyed at the picture, and had insisted on giving Ann an order for the removal of the mission within the barrier where he might more easily protect them against marauders. All around, it had been an afternoon well worth while!

The young couple so far away from other Americans soon became very dependent upon each other, and so it was that when they were forced to the conclusion that Ann's failing health would require medical attention in Madras, they were both almost heartbroken. But the mission work was beginning to prosper, and they both felt that Adoniram could not afford to absent himself from the work at that time.

The next few months were lonely ones indeed but it was worth it all to have Ann back once more in good health and taking a renewed interest in the work. And then in quick succession came two events which were to add much to their happiness. After three years of waiting, word came that the American Baptists had held a meeting in Philadelphia, in May, 1814, and, like the Congregationalists in Bradford, had formed a foreign missionary society. Luther Rice had done his work well.

After that arrived Roger Williams Judson and the young father and mother were filled with a very great joy. Even Adoniram, goaded by too great conscientiousness regarding his study, was often tempted to leave his work and play with the baby. But the happiness was to last

only a few months, and when the little white baby died of fever, it seemed for a while as though Ann would follow her small son.

But the brave Ann was not made of cowardly stuff and soon, realizing the sorrow of her husband, she plunged again into their work. But soon there followed a second separation—and this time it was the young husband who sailed away. He went with a double object—first, to regain his health which long and arduous application to the study of the trying Burmese language had impaired; and second, to procure the services of a Burmese convert reported to be available in Chittagong. Best of all he left Ann with friends—the Houghs, the first Americans to come to their home, who were in Rangoon ready to act as missionary printers. Adoniram expected to be gone three months, but it was eight months before he finally sailed back into Rangoon.

While he was having his troubles with shipwreck, famine, thirst, and disappointed hopes, Ann was facing a situation which was calling for great courage and tact. In the midst of the worry about Adoniram, an ugly order came to Mr. Hough demanding his immediate appearance at the court house. Here he was detained for two days where he was put through the most absurd questioning. Ann in desperation finally, contrary to etiquette, presented herself in person at the court to demand an explanation. The new viceroy was most gracious and Mr. Hough was released, since as yet the rumors of war with England were so vague that the new ruler did not dare to go too far.

But this trouble was followed by one of the worst cholera epidemics which had ever been known in Rangoon, and in the midst of it, more rumors of trouble between Burma and Great Britain. The Houghs felt that they must all escape while flight was possible, but Ann was determined not to leave the city until she knew for certain whether Adoniram was still alive. Her faith was justified, for at last after months of agonizing suspense, they were once more united.

Not for long were they together this time, for the climate and the hardships were more than human nature could bear and it became apparent that Ann must go somewhere for a change and proper medical attention. For the next two years and a third, Adoniram threw himself into his work, trying not to think too much of his dear Ann. During this time, he finished his transla-

tion of the New Testament, and wrote a summary in Burmese of Old Testament history. In addition he made plans to open a permanent station at Ava where the king himself lived.

Ann, in the meantime, had been unable to sail direct to America but had been obliged to go to England where she had received a wonderful welcome. Then on to America and home, after ten long years of absence! Her stay there was hard, for she was far from well, and so anxious was everyone to see her and talk with her, that it soon became evident that she could not long endure the strain. Adoniram's brother asked her to come to Baltimore where she received the best of medical care and a much needed rest. Her new friends in England had begged her to write the history of the mission and this she had done in spare moments. All around, it was a busy two years which she spent in regaining her health and in promoting the work in England and America.

And Adoniram and Burma were calling her back home. When she finally did arrive her husband was so overcome at the sudden relief from anxiety that she was frightened, but soon all was well, and they were on board the little boat sailing for six weeks up the Irawadi river to Ava. It was perhaps the happiest six weeks of their lives.

When they arrived in Ava they found war again menacing, and the childishly fickle king very angry with all foreigners. In vain did the Americans explain that they were not English. He would have none of it. However, the young people went on with the settling into their new home, in hopes that this new trouble would blow over.

On the twenty-third of May, word came that Rangoon had been captured by the British. On the eighth of June, "Spotted Face" and some of his rough looking jail assistants burst into the Judson home. Throwing Adoniram to the floor, they bound him tight with the thin torturing cord, and to the unspeakable terror of Ann, dragged him from the house.

The horror of the next twenty-one months was unbelievable, and certain it is that had it not been for the tact, cleverness and tremendous courage and faith of Ann, none of the American and English prisoners would have lived through the ordeal. The first prison in which Adoniram and his several English and American friends found themselves was well named "Hand shrink not". Not only was

the filth and vermin what might have been expected in a place crowded with prisoners, but Adoniram and his friends were forced to lie in the disgusting refuse with their feet fastened high in the air. Two days of this so altered her husband's appearance that when Ann had finally succeeded in bribing her way to him, she did not at first recognize him.

Knowing that the Burmese considered the Americans English because of the fact that the English had honored their drafts, Ann very carefully buried or destroyed all papers. In addition she concealed as many of their valuables as she dared. She then proceeded to make friends in every possible place where influence might be brought to bear.

One of the agonizing features of the whole dreadful period, was the rapidity with which the prisoners were changed within the prison. Several times Ann felt that she had gotten them into a more comfortable place only to have them changed suddenly at the whim of some one in authority. Usually the change called for additional bribe. Always there were three pairs of fetters which bound their ankles so closely that they could walk only at a painfully slow shuffle. To add to their misery, fellow prisoners close beside them were tortured with cord and mallet. Adoniram, who was perhaps more sensitive than the others, suffered for many years from the shock of what he had seen. And because he was more sensitive and more spiritually-minded, everyone depended upon him for courage and faith. At times he felt that he would have to give way, but he dared not for fear of its effect upon his companions.

Although it was soon evident that there was no hope of release from prison, Ann kept up her visits to important people. The governor of the city grew very fond of her, and set aside a definite time each day in which he could hear her talk of America.

Then in January, Ann was seen no more, and Adoniram waited in a panic to hear from her. At last word came that baby Maria had arrived. Twenty days later Ann, wearing Burmese costume as a greater safeguard, appeared at the prison. In her arms was the pale blue-eyed baby girl whom she placed for the first time in her father's arms.

As time passed, the news of the war grew more and more terrifying to the Burmese. With their lack of knowledge of the great world, they simply could not

imagine how Great Britain could possibly defeat them. As the English pushed them back slowly but surely, they became more and more filled with a feeling of panic. The news of the defeat of Bandoola and the annihilation of his army, made the frightened people resort to vindictive measures. Two more sets of fetters were added to the sadly lacerated ankles, and every comfort gained through the long months was seized and carried off, and the white prisoners were again carried back into the death section of the prison. This building which was about forty by thirty feet in dimensions, had no ventilation. Inside of it were confined more than one hundred men and women. A month in this vile hole brought Adoniram down with fever, and Ann became so importunate in her pleas that the governor allowed him to be moved into a little bamboo hut in the yard where Ann herself administered remedies.

As she was caring for him one morning, she was summoned rather preemptorily to the governor's home. To her amazement, when she obeyed the summons, he talked in a desultory fashion for awhile and then dismissed her. Without suspicion she turned back to the prison only to find that all the white prisoners were gone. Mad with anxiety she hastened back to the governor who said that he had tried to break the news to her but had not had the courage.

At last after a frightened, distracted search she found that the prisoners had been removed to Aungbinle. Hiring a Burmese ox cart, she followed, to find the prisoners in a frightful condition. One man, a Greek, had died on the road, and the others were suffering intensely from bleeding feet and lack of water. With her customary ability she took charge, but the next morning even she was almost overwhelmed when one of the two little Burmese girls whom they had adopted, came down with smallpox. Although the little sick girl was tiny, she had been a great help and now Ann was obliged to divide her time between the sick child and her sick husband. Although she came down with a mild case of the disease herself, still she kept on, even vaccinating everyone in the neighborhood who needed it.

But it was all more than she could endure for long, and she was stricken with one of the tropical fevers. For a time it looked as though Baby Maria would die, as her mother was not able to nurse her, but Adoniram was

finally able to persuade the jailer to let him carry the baby several times a day into the village where Burmese women with babies were willing to feed her.

After six months in Aungbinle prison, at last there came a ray of hope. Adoniram was taken from the prison to act as interpreter for the Burmese and the English. He was transported down the river to the camp, and Ann drew a sigh of relief for she felt sure that all would be well. Fortunately she did not know until later what sufferings he was to endure. As she settled in her Ava home to await his return she grew weaker and weaker, and soon was critically ill with spotted fever. When Adoniram returned, worn out by his own experiences, it was to find his dainty Ann lying emaciated and haggard upon a filthy bed, and little Maria so grimy that he did not recognize her.

But finally the war was over and again Adoniram and Ann were floating down the Irawadi, and this time to the great British camp where Sir Archibald Campbell waited to do them honor for their heroism and for their help in bringing about peace. Wishing at the same time to honor the Judsons and to tickle the childish natures of the Burmese, Sir Archibald gave a great dinner. To the music of the band Sir Archibald, without a partner, headed the procession to the table. Then, as all stood in their places, he left his guests and ushered in as the chief guest, who was to sit at his right hand, Ann Hasseltine Judson.

The scene was laughable. All except one of the Burmese commissioners had been guilty of treating the Judsons most cruelly during the past years. The sight of Ann so honored filled them with a chagrin and terror which they were not able to conceal. Well did they know what would have been their own attitude in such a situation! But they did not understand Christianity, and they could not believe her when Ann spoke to them as though nothing had happened. One man was in an agony of fear as he remembered how roughly he had talked to Ann when she had walked several miles in the blazing sun to beg his help; and how he had at last seized her silk umbrella for himself, and had not heeded her pleas when she had begged a paper umbrella in exchange so that she might avoid sunstroke. He had laughed, and told her mockingly that only fat people had sun-stroke. No, from the viewpoint of the Burmese commission, the dinner was decidedly not a success!

The return to Rangoon was a sad one. The eighteen Burmese Christians were scattered. The missionaries had had to flee, and it was decided to build a new mission in Amherst. What a joy it would have been if they could only have forseen what was to follow them in Rangoon—Judson College with its hundreds of students; the American Baptist Mission Press, with its facilities for printing Bibles, school books and text books in Burmese; and best of all, the staff of more than fifty missionaries.

The new station at Amherst filled them with a renewed enthusiasm. Adoniram again was asked to act as interpreter for further negotiations going on between the Burmese and the British, and as it promised to be a rapid affair, Ann urged him to accept the responsibility.

Being anxious to surprise him by the progress she made in his absence, she plunged into the work. By the end of two months she had erected a bamboo house and two school-houses. In one of the latter she placed ten pupils with Moung Ing as teacher, while in the other she herself planned to teach the girls. Each Sunday she conducted church services.

She was working hard and watching eagerly for Adoniram, when she was taken violently ill with a fever. An English physician and an English nurse were secured through the friendliness of the British, but she was too worn-out and frail to withstand the disease, and in two weeks, with Adoniram still far away in Ava and knowing nothing of her illness, they buried her under the hopia tree. A few months later little Maria too was laid beside her mother. To Adoniram was left only a memory—but a memory so sweet that its fragrance is wafted to us today, and we love to think of the dainty, vivacious, little heroine of Ava.

CHAPTER III

Narcissa and the Little White Cayuse

NARCISSA WHITMAN, 1808-1847

Outline—

A. Narcissa's early life.
   1. Music.
   2. Marriage forbidden.
   3. Life in Angelica, N. Y.
   4. Dr. Marcus Whitman visits Angelica.
   5. Their marriage.

B. Their life in Oregon country.
   1. Their first church service.
   2. The Hudson's Bay Company.
   3. Umtippe.
   4. Alice Clarissa as a model.
   5. Alice Clarissa sings.
   6. She sings again.
   7. She is drowned.

C. Marcus Whitman's ride.
   1. Massacre averted.
   2. The covered wagons arrive.
   3. Umtippe and Charley Compo die.
   4. Vancouver.

D. Conclusion.

CHAPTER III

Narcissa and the Little White Cayuse

NARCISSA WHITMAN

It was Sunday morning in Waii-lat-pu, and at last Marcus and Narcissa were alone in their own home. To be sure it was only a little adobe cabin with blankets hung at doors and windows and a pile of buffalo skins for a bed—but it was home—the home among the Indians in the far West, toward which their eyes had been turning for many weary months.

Their simple breakfast had been prepared in the fireplace, eaten, and cleared away, and the two had settled themselves for their first church service. Marcus had read from his Bible and a small book of sermons, and then Narcissa had sung "Rock of Ages" in her beautifully trained voice. Scarcely had the last note died away when the blanket hanging at the door was pushed roughly aside and Umtippe, the chief of their tribe of Indians, entered, followed by a half dozen of his warriors.

Umtippe was a tall thin old man with deep-set melancholy eyes. He was wearing the bright red coat of the English soldier and leather pantaloons. On his head was a bright red and yellow bandanna handkerchief surmounted by an otter cap from which was draped a huge white horse's tail. The old chief and his followers stared curiously at the beautiful yellow-haired Narcissa, and then settled themselves comfortably on the floor.

Marcus opened his Bible, but Charlie Compo who was to act as long as he lived as the interpreter, teacher and friend of the Whitmans, spoke tersely: "Chief says white squaw must sing. He doesn't care about your God." At a nod from Marcus, Narcissa began, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The Indians with bated breath leaned forward, eagerly drinking in each beautiful note.

When she had finished, Umtippe pulled her skirt, pointing to his throat. Again she sang and this time it was Mendelssohn's "Consolation." Tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the warriors. Old Umtippe beat his breast, groaned and wept while demanding still more. At last Narcissa, worn out, refused to sing any more and the old

man led his weeping warriors out of the door. The first church service at Waii-lat-pu was over, and the audience had been much moved!

It was a strange series of circumstances which had brought Dr. Marcus Whitman and the beautiful Narcissa Prentiss Whitman to this far land. The doctor, very much possessed not only by the missionary spirit but also by a belief that the United States should not allow Great Britain to take the Oregon country, had spoken one day in Angelica, New York. In his audience had sat Narcissa Prentiss, daughter of Judge Prentiss. The girl had been throwing all her superb energy into the church music in her home town, trying to forget New York and the great musician who had wanted to marry her and carry her off to Paris for a great musical career. Although she had not loved the musician, she had wanted to marry him, for she longed for a career—but her father, a stern puritanical man, had absolutely forbidden the match.

And so, when Marcus had appeared with his tale of great possibilities for Christian adventure in the West, she had thrilled at the idea. This time her father had not objected, for in his eyes it was much less dangerous for his daughter to be the first white woman to cross the Rockies, than for her to subject herself to the temptations of wicked Paris. She and Marcus had been married and, together with Henry and Eliza Spaulding, had set out on the trail to Oregon. With them, beside their pack horses, Dr. Whitman had insisted on bringing a covered wagon. "Old Lady Conestoga", Marcus called it, and almost as tenderly as an old lady, he had treated it as he struggled to bring it through swollen streams, over rugged mountains and down precipitous slopes. The rest of the party begged him over and over to give up the attempt, for not only were the mules dragging the wagon, rapidly becoming mere skin and bones, but Marcus himself was becoming gaunt and haggard with the struggle.

But doggedly he had kept on and at last they had passed the last outpost of the American Fur Trading Company and had reached the great land in possession of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here they had immediately sensed the difference. The American Fur Trading Company in its frontier stations were easy going and "rough and ready". There was much quarreling and no discipline. The Hudson's Bay Company, on the other hand, had the whole country well organized with capable efficient factors

NARCISSA WHITMAN
Drawn by an artist under family supervision and considered a good likeness

in charge of each station. The Indians were ruled with an iron hand, and were, in addition, much impressed by the pomp and pageantry surrounding the Company. The governor of the Company was a Sir George Simpson, who travelled in much splendor from station to station, and who was not only loyal to his Company but also had big ideas for the extension of the British Empire in America.

There was a decided feeling of hostility in the air when the little group of missionaries arrived. Sir George had no intention of allowing the arrival of white women and a covered wagon to open the way to a great flock of American settlers. He felt sure that if he could hold off the influx for ten years he would be able to persuade the United States to cede to Great Britain that great piece of valuable land now known as Washington and Oregon.

But the governor found himself in a difficult position when he finally met the little group of invaders. Rev. Henry Spaulding was fanatically determined to preach to the Indians, regardless of the mandates of the great fur company. Dr. Whitman also was immovable in his determination, and mixed with his missionary fervor was a keen realization of what his country stood in danger of losing in this far corner of the world. Narcissa, with her stately beauty, lovely voice and keen mind, was a foe who was unexpected and rather terrifying. The governor who had expected to be ruthless in his treatment of these interlopers found himself in a predicament. Well did he know what would be the fate of these "Bostons", as the Indians called them, were he to give the word. He had tried to drive them away by refusal to sell them provisions and by tales of Indian massacre—but when Jo Buffalo, a bad Indian, had seized Narcissa and fled with her into the wilderness, it was the governor himself who had led the rescue party.

Finally, since they would not be frightened away, there was introduced a new and subtle foe in the form of Catholic priests who with their pomp and display delighted the Indians. Their idea that certain formulas performed would save the souls of the Indians was so much more pleasing than the stern hard religion of the "Bostons" with their queer ideas that there must be no more stealing, lying, or massacre, that the Indians eagerly took up the Catholic faith.

But the Whitmans settled in their little adobe cabin went on with their work, confident that they were doing God's

will in Oregon. Umtippe, the old chief, although he was much moved by Narcissa's music, disliked her intensely and feared her. With a perversity not unlike that of a naughty little boy, he did everything in his power to tease and torment her. He would walk into her house without knocking, fumble through her work bag, taste the stew on the fire, or sit for hours on the floor, very much of a nuisance as she was trying to do her housework. It was a great relief when Marcus had finally laboriously sawed out doors and shutters which would help to give a privacy for which the cultured Narcissa longed.

One day there arrived in that little rough cabin the first white baby to be born in that land—Alice Clarissa Whitman—called by the Indians the little White Cayuse. There was great excitement for miles around. The Indian wives of the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had grown to love Narcissa dearly, sent beautiful gifts. Even Sir George himself sent a silky fur wrap, while old Umtippe and his people felt that a special honor had come to their tribe. The chief spent long hours watching Narcissa bathe and care for her small daughter, nor did he hesitate to give much preemptory advice as to the bringing up of babies. But Narcissa, hiding within her heart her feeling of fear and repugnance, went calmly on her way caring for her little one and instructing the dirty squaws, who looked on with eager curiosity, in the proper ways of baby-care. For miles they came, anxious to know the secret treatment which made the skin white and the hair yellow.

Old Umtippe at his first ceremonial call upon the newcomer had taken special pains with his appearance. He had added a head-dress of buffalo horns above the horse's tail and an extra buffalo skin. He had taken the child in his arms and addressed his people:

"The little white Cayuse is here! All the people expected her: Cayuse, Nez Perces, Walla Wallapoos. All the tribe is pleased that a white child is born on its land. All the chiefs will visit her and talk. But I, when she grows up, will give her land and horses, and make her rich."

And indeed it developed, as the months passed, that the child was to have a remarkable influence over the surly old chief. Despite the fact that he did not approve of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman's methods, he was forced to realize that they worked, for the child was growing strong and stalwart, and at the age of a year and a half, talked and

looked like a child of three. But his love for Alice Clarissa did not alter his hatred for the missionaries, and this feeling was carefully fostered by the black-robed priest at Fort Walla Walla.

One Saturday, Marcus and Narcissa were much disheartened when the old chief egged on by the priest gave strict orders forbidding the usual Sunday services on the next day. That morning he did not visit the cabin to witness Alice Clarissa's bath, and several squaws released from the restraint of his presence edged in to watch the strange performance. Narcissa, who had been working hard on their language, talked to them as she worked, and the women watched and listened in astonishment.

The Indians were accustomed to nursing their babies until they were two or three years old, at which time they went immediately on to a meat diet. As a result the infant mortality was heavy, for the mothers were often unable to nurse their babies for that length of time. There were several half-starved babies present on that particular morning, so Narcissa got out one of the bottles which she had had in readiness in case of need with her own baby, and filling it with weakened milk, put the nipple in the mouth of the sleeping white Cayuse. All the mothers watched fascinated as the sleeping child eagerly drank the milk. Then one of the squaws was persuaded to try the scheme with her own half-starved infant. After a moment's surprise, he too drank lustily. And then all was confusion as each eager mother demanded a drink for her baby.

After all had been satisfied, one of the squaws remarked that Umtippe's new nephew born the day before would starve to death since his mother would not be able to nurse him.

"Umtippe would rather he starved to death than to have him drink the milk of a cow," said another.

Filling her bottle again, Narcissa asked the way to the lodge of the new baby. No one dared to take her there for they feared the old chief, but they gave directions for finding the place. Narcissa found the mother weeping silently with her little starved eighteen months old son lying dead at her side, and the new baby cuddled in her arms. She offered the bottle to the grieving mother, but she did not dare to accept it.

Scrambling out through the low door, Narcissa tackled the old chief on the subject, showing him how the little white Cayuse accepted the bottle with such crows of

delight. Uncomfortably the old chief squirmed as Narcissa urged him to use the same methods as the white people. Still he would not give in.

Finally in desperation Narcissa turned defiantly from him saying, "I shall give it to him anyway," and reentered the lodge. Umtippe hurried after her, but to her amazement he did not try to detain her. Picking up the little baby she placed it in his arms, saying, "See, it is the last of your blood, and you are trying to kill it. God will hold its death against you." Sharply the old man said, "Don't say that." Then before he could stop her she thrust the bottle into the little mouth and the child began to drink eagerly.

For a long time the old man watched his small nephew, and then sullenly at Narcissa's order commanded his brother's wife to do as Narcissa had suggested. As he turned on his heel, Narcissa called after him, "If you dare to stop our meetings, I shall not give your nephew any more cow's milk, and then he will starve, and it will be you who have killed him." The old man glared at her but she returned his glare with interest, and he turned sullenly away. As Narcissa turned to care for the sick mother, she was filled with a joyful elation for the woman whispered, "Your God is good to babies. From now on I shall pray to him." Waii-lat-pu had at last its first convert.

For a time things went along smoothly, but Narcissa knew that just as soon as the old chief's nephew was weaned the old man would again become troublesome. However she made up her mind not to borrow trouble. She and Marcus felt that the time had come for a more commodious house, and they planned among other things for a big room which should always be open to the Indians. But the perverse old man again made trouble, saying that the Indians would have all the house, not just one room, or he would demand his land back.

Charley Compo came in one night with anxious face to report that the chief of the Walla Wallapoos had arrived to persuade Umtippe, at the instigation of the priest, to drive the "Bostons" away entirely. At the suggestion of their Indian friend, Charley, and of Miles Goodyear, another friend in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, formal word was sent to the warlike party gathered in camp that a delegation from the mission would shortly come in order that they might show the progress made

by the little white Cayuse. Quickly everyone dressed in his best and without waiting for supper all hurried up to the meeting place.

They entered the lodge to find it filled with fifty or sixty braves dressed in their gaudiest. Miles Goodyear, knowing well and appreciating the affect of his company's manner of dealing with the Indians, stepped importantly forward saying, "The Kitchie Okema (Indian name for Sir George Simpson) is a friend to the doctor and the doctor's wife, and to the little White Cayuse. I,—yes I—with my red coat, am the Kitchie Okema's messenger. He has sent me to ask you to listen to the first song of this fledgling songbird, born among the Cayuse. I have not yet heard it. I thought it not fitting that I should hear it unless the braves of the Cayuse had heard. But now let us give ear together to the magic that has been given to the Cayuse as a favor from the Great Spirit."

Narcissa hummed under her breath, and tossed Alice Clarissa in her arms, and the child, to whom gatherings of Indians were an old story, began to sing in a clear sweet voice that could be heard all over the lodge:

"Rock a bye, baby, on the tree top!
When the wind blows the cradle will rock, . . . "

Twice did little Alice Clarissa sing the song through, and then before there could be either applause or protest from the delighted Indians, Narcissa herself began to sing. For an hour she stood there singing in the light of the camp fire, when all at once to her amazement Charley Compo jumped up crying, "I'm saved! I'm saved! My wicked heart has melted. Pray for me, doctor, pray!"

Marcus looked with amazement into the serious face of his interpreter, but, seeing only sincerity there, he knelt down with him. Umtippe and the older Indians looked on with horror and disgust, but when Charley raised his tear-stained face to heaven and cried out, "Saviour, I am yours," a half-dozen of the younger braves joined him begging the missionary to help them rid themselves of the burden of their sins. For three hours Narcissa sang while Marcus prayed, and the Indians wept, and old Umtippe and his neighbor chief forgot all about the serious business which had brought them together.

For some time work at the Mission prospered, but it was like living on the crater of a volcano, so choleric was the head of the tribe. One day he openly accused Dr. Whitman of poisoning the Indians, saying that he had heard of the matter from the priest. He finally worked

himself into such a passion that he began to hit the doctor. Marcus, feeling that this was a good time to prove that he practiced "the other cheek" belief, made no attempt to stop him, but Narcissa, trembling with terror, seized the baby in her arms and humming softly started her to singing her "Rock a bye baby" song. With tearful eyes and trembling lips the little White Cayuse sang, and as she sang Umtippe's face changed and his hand dropped to his side.

But the little White Cayuse was not to remain long in that hard cruel land. She had been playing about the doorstep with her doll one evening, when suddenly she was gone. In a panic Narcissa began to call her, and Marcus laughingly asked her what she would do if she had a half dozen children to watch. But soon he, too, became worried, and there was a general alarm, as everyone hastened to the creek. It was old Umtippe who, swimming under water, finally found the baby's body caught under a log, and brought her and laid her in Narcissa's arms. They buried her small body under the cottonwood trees, and for days it seemed as though Narcissa could no longer stand the loneliness and horror and sorrow.

Narcissa was so beside herself with grief that she had just about made up her mind to give up the struggle, leave Marcus, and return to Angelica, when a visit from Sir George Simpson aroused her to a realization of the situation in the land. Sir George's intention had been by hook or crook to persuade her to give up the hard fight but his conversation succeeded instead in bringing back into play her keen mind. With her old shrewdness she saw that the Hudson's Bay Company and Great Britain would, if they were not stopped, within a year or two put through treaties which would swallow up all that great area.

With her old-time vigor, she begged Marcus to leave at once, despite the fact that it was already October, and make the attempt to get to Washington by March, in time, if possible, to stop the signing away of the land by a Congress which did not realize what it was doing. Dr. Whitman, nothing loath, made hurried preparations and within a day or two was on his way. The story of that ride goes down in history as one of the *impossible* things which have been made *possible* by the iron nerve of man. Through blizzards and frightful cold, he struggled on and really did reach Washington in March, only to receive the coldest of receptions from Daniel Webster, the Secretary of State, and President Tyler.

One little ray of hope, however, came from an interview with Senator Linn who, he had heard, believed as he did. In their brief conference Linn's one hope was that Marcus would be able, that summer, to lead a caravan of covered wagons over the trail, thus increasing the American population in the Oregan land. To do this, both he and Marcus realized that the caravan must leave Kansas City in May.

The next two months must have seemed like a dream to the missionary as he hurried to Boston to interview the amazed American Board, who had thought he was in Oregon, and then on to Angelica for a few hours with Narcissa's family, and then back to St. Louis and Kansas City, where a friend of his had been working up the trip. At St. Louis he was laid low with malaria, but got up, so weak that he could scarcely sit in his saddle, to join the caravan which he hoped desperately was awaiting him. And when he saw it, it did not need the excited congratulations of his friend or of Senator Linn for him to know that victory was in sight.

But while Marcus was leading the procession of a thousand picked men, women and children into the land, Narcissa was having her troubles in Waii-lat-pu. One night to her amazement the Catholic priest rode up to her door, asking her to ride with him into Fort Walla Walla to meet the chief factor who, on account of gout, could not ride to her. A cold fear tugged at her heart for her first thought was naturally that something had happened to Marcus. Mounting her horse, she immediately started, anxious to know what was the cause of the summons. To her delight, Dr. McLoughlin handed her a brief note from Marcus, the first word she had received since his departure, and then proceeded to tell her of the exceedingly serious situation both from the viewpoint of the Hudson's Bay Company and of the Mission.

If Marcus with his caravan of a thousand people succeeded in getting through, Dr. McLoughlin would be held responsible, and worse still, from the Hudson's Bay Company's standpoint, Great Britain would lose its hold on the country. The one thing which would stop the caravan would be an Indian massacre, and this Dr. McLoughlin was determined to prevent if possible. If Narcissa could persuade the caravan to turn South and settle in California, all would go well.

But Narcissa, knowing Marcus, and feeling as she did herself, would not attempt to deflect the course of the caravan, and Dr. McLoughlin sadly told her that though

it was to his own disadvantage he was determined to stop the impending massacre. Quickly the chiefs of all the tribes were called in and, with the exception of Umtippe, they all proved willing to listen to reason. Narcissa attempted to sing to him but she could not—and she realized that this time it would take more than music to soften his hard old heart. Finally she said to him, "Umtippe, if you will promise that the doctor and his caravan shall pass in safety, I will promise that within a week after Dr. Whitman's return we will give back Waii-lat-pu to you with all that stands there." The promise was received with delight by the old reprobate, but the heart of Narcissa was very sore for she dreaded telling Marcus.

With safety assured for her husband and his caravan she hastened home to organize the Mission so that they would be ready to give out to the immigrants as they streamed past the supplies of flour, ground in their little mill, and vegetables, raised in their fertile fields. Then with the rest of the Mission, she began to watch in the distance for the cloud of dust which would announce their arrival.

The hungry caravan arrived, with Marcus, brown and eager, in the vanguard; but there was no time for confidences so that he did not know how narrow had been their escape from death. The work of distributing the food went systematically on until Umtippe suddenly shouldered his way through the crowd. With a face distorted with rage, he angrily addressed Narcissa: "Thief, liar! What right have you to give away my food?" With an angry gesture he struck her violently in the face. Marcus sprang to her defense knocking the old chief down; but, quick as a flash he was up and had flung his tomahawk at Narcissa. It grazed her head, cutting one of the thick yellow braids, and buried itself in the skull of Charley Compo. Charley pitched forward, dead. Then, with a diabolical war whoop, Charley's father rushed upon the old chief and Umtippe, too, lay dead upon the ground.

Afterwards Marcus heard the whole story from Narcissa, and, since he must go on with the caravan to Fort Vancouver, he went immediately to interview Charley Compo's father who was now chief of the tribe. The old man was not cordial, but for the sake of the friendship of his son for the doctor, he promised the Whitmans they could stay at Waii-lat-pu two moons longer. But after the doctor had gone, Narcissa had a long talk with Sarah, the wife of Miles Goodyear. This beautiful Iroquois girl

loved the Whitmans and was determined to use her influence to keep them in the station they loved. After a long conference with old Chief Compo, she returned to say that she had been successful and the Whitmans were to stay.

With joyous heart, Narcissa followed the caravan to Vancouver in order that she might tell Marcus the glad news. She found affairs in camp somewhat complicated by the fact that Applegate and some of the men were feeling very warlike and unwilling to listen to Marcus' plans for a peaceful occupation of the country. To complicate the situation still further, a British warship was lying at anchor and Lieutenant Peel, the commander, was not disposed to give back one inch to the "impudent backwoodsman," Applegate, who was defying him. In vain did Marcus argue with the two men, trying to show them how wicked it would be to precipitate the two countries into an unnecessary war. All he asked was a peaceful occupation of the land, and he felt sure the rest could be cared for by treaty.

Seeing how hopeless the situation was becoming, Narcissa quietly withdrew from the conference and hunted up Mrs. Applegate. To her she told the story and presented the arguments. Mrs. Applegate was a sturdy sensible woman, and she invited Narcissa to attend the women's prayer meeting and tell her story. The women were unanimous in their belief that Brother and Sister Whitman were right, and that the caravan must move on the next morning to take up their land and get settled for the winter.

That night candles burned late in most of the covered wagons, and an eavesdropper might have heard many an earnest and prolonged argument; but at break of day, the camp was again astir and this time in preparation for departure. The women were prepared to start whether the men went or not.

All honor to those brave women who with sturdy vigor and unflinching resolve did their share to open up a new land and to Christianize it. Some of them gave their lives in Indian massacres, as did the Whitmans four years later, but it was their sacrifices which have helped to make our land what it is today.

MARY SLESSOR

CHAPTER IV

The White Queen

MARY SLESSOR, 1848-1910

Outline—

A. Little Scotch factory girl.
B. She sails for Calabar in 1876.
   1. Kind of people.
   2. Climate.
C. Her first work.
D. Branching out.
   1. Successes and failures.
E. Her trips to England and Scotland.
F. Honorable decoration.
G. Her death and funeral.

CHAPTER IV

The White Queen

MARY SLESSOR

Nearer and nearer came the heavy piece of iron on the end of the cord, but Mary did not give way one inch. Finally, just as it was grazing her head, the ringleader of the gang let it crash to the ground. "She's all right—she's game! Come on into the mission, fellas." And in they all trooped, following Mary Slessor, the little Scotch factory girl who had refused to give way before them.

The same magnetic power all through her life made Mary Slessor a person to be respected and obeyed, whether with rowdy hoodlums, or refined, respectable audiences; and government officials or the drunken, besotted, ignorant black people of West Africa. The descriptions of her almost unbelievable life sound as though she were masculine and unwomanly—but all agree that she was not; that, in fact, she was extremely shy and diffident. But when she felt it her duty to do a thing, she did it, whether it was to box the ears of a big African chief or to reprimand a dignified Scotch audience for talking during a collection.

Calabar, on the west coast of Africa, was one of the most unhealthy places in the world and filled with the most degraded people in all Africa; but the wave of missionary enthusiasm following the death of Livingstone in 1874 very naturally made its appeal to the little mill girl who seemed always to be doing hard things. In 1875 she offered her services to her mission board and in the next year sailed. As she went aboard her ship, they were loading casks of liquor to sell to the natives.

"Scores of casks and only one missionary", she exclaimed ruefully.

Her first years of service were spent in the established stations on the coast, but she was anxious to get to work among the more primitive people. There were two reasons for this desire, but no one knew until years later one of the reasons. When Mary Slessor gave her life as a missionary, she knew that she must support her invalid mother and sister at home. To live in an established station with other missionaries was more expensive than to live

alone on native food in a remote station. And so, while people were considering her queer for apparently preferring to be alone, she was really making the sacrifice for the sake of her family at home.

This type of life had its advantages, however, as far as the work went, for she was enabled to learn the language and thoughts and feelings of the natives as few white people ever have.

Wherever she went in Calabar, she found the people drunken, obsessed by terrors of witchcraft, their minds particularly dominated by the fear of twin babies. Despite the fact that the white officials on the seacoast had forbidden the murder of twins and the exile of the mother, the custom still persisted. With a firm hand the indomitable little Mary Slessor set to work to stop some of these practices. Her methods were unique and effective.

After a few years she became dissatisfied with the work she was doing as she itinerated among the near villages and to the consternation of all her black friends assured them that she had decided to visit Okon, a chief thirty miles away, who had been urging her to come to his people. In vain they expostulated. They assured her she would be killed, the distance was too great, the people too savage; but she persisted.

The king of her district, finally, since he saw she was determined, sent his state canoe, newly painted in gay colors, in her honor. She ensconced herself with the four little negro children she had adopted under the awning built for her, and the impressive equipage got under way with the paddlers improvising songs in her honor.

"Ma, our beautiful beloved mother, is on board,
Ho! Ho! Ho!"

they sang as they paddled away, leaving a disconsolate throng mourning upon the bank, fearing that they should never see her again.

Upon her arrival she was greeted eagerly by Okon and his wives and people. Since it was the etiquette of the country for all the chief's wives to sit as close to her as possible, and since they were all very fat and perspired freely, and there was little ventilation, it was far from being a pleasant situation. But she went on somehow, holding services twice a day, caring for the sick, dressmaking, washing and ironing and cleaning and all the time making a tremendous impression.

Then came the real opportunity. One morning she realized that something had happened. Everyone was very

grave, but reticent. Finally she wormed it out of some of them. Two of the chief's youngest wives had left their husband's quarters and entered the enclosure where a boy was sleeping. This was absolutely against the law, and the chief had ordered one hundred lashes for them both.

After a long talk with him, Mary persuaded him to let her come to the palaver, and to address the crowd. First she addressed the culprits, reprimanding them for breaking the law. Grunts of satisfaction went up from all the people—especially the men—but unexpectedly Mary turned on them, saying:

"Ay, but you are really to blame. It's your system of polygamy which is a disgrace to you and a cruel disgrace to these helpless women. Girls like these, sixteen years old, are not beyond the age of fun and frolic. To confine them as you do is a shame and a blot on your manhood. Obedience such as you command is not worth having."

This was a severe blow and there were angry looks and the palaver was long continued, but Mary did not give way until the punishment had been made ten stripes instead of one hundred.

But it was a hard life living as she did, far from civilization. Since she hated any restraint, she went without hats and shoes and paid no attention to such things as mosquito nets and sterilized drinking water. But while she did these things in defiance of all rules of health and did suffer from them, the fact remains that she was able to do a remarkable work right up to her last illness in her sixty-sixth year. She was essentially a pioneer, and like David Livingstone lived on the principle that she was ready to go anywhere provided it was forward.

At the age of forty she made her great conquest of Okoyong—a conquest so successful that she has been known ever since by whites and blacks alike as "The White Queen of Okoyong." As she started she wrote: "I am going to a new tribe up-country, a fierce, cruel people, and every one tells me that they will kill me. But I don't fear any hurt—only to combat their savage customs will require courage and firmness on my part."

Three separate times had negotiations been carried on for Miss Slessor to enter the Okoyong country, but each time the people had been so sullen and unwilling to have her, owing to the reports they heard of the way she and other white people had prevented twin murder and had forbidden drinking, that she had given up all hope. Now,

however, she was determined anew that something must be done to clear up the disgraceful state of affairs.

King Eyo sent her up the river in state in the royal canoe. She received a kindly welcome and was promised land for school and house. Delighted, she returned to Creek Town for her family and belongings, and then started her return trip. It was the rainy season and all were soaking when they landed and started on the last four miles through the dripping forest, to the people whom she was determined to conquer. Surely there never was a stranger procession. First came the eleven year old adopted son, loaded with packages, very tired, and very frightened. Next came the eight year old boy, weeping bitterly into the pots and pans he carried. Closely following him were the three year old boy and the five year old girl also sobbing. Last came Mary Slessor with a baby on one arm and a bundle on the other, singing nonsense rhymes to distract the children and to keep back her own tears. It was indeed a strange army invading a dangerous stronghold.

It was a hard and long uphill fight and it needed every bit of perseverance, and courage, and tact that she had to keep going until one day she managed to persuade several of the chiefs to lay down their weapons and go with her to Creek Town to visit King Eyo. They came back much impressed, appreciating even more than before the privilege that they had in having the Great White Mother living with them, and determined that she must have a new and beautiful home worthy of her. Moreover, they began to like the idea of going into the trading business with the people down the creek. All of this was exactly what Miss Slessor had hoped for, for she realized that with more to occupy their minds they would be directed from drinking, fighting and witchcraft.

And then came one of her greatest victories. The chief's son was killed by a falling tree in the forest. When the medicine man arrived, he announced that a certain village was to blame. Immediately the village was attacked and a dozen men and women, who had not succeeded in escaping, were brought in as prisoners, charged with the responsibility for the deed. Then all started drinking barrel after barrel of rum, while Mary and the Scotch carpenter from Creek Town mounted guard over the prisoners. Finally seeing that things were reaching a climax, Mary told the two chiefs that there must be no human sacrifice. They

were furious at her intervention and sent in guards to bring in the first victim, a woman.

The woman was taken before the corpse and given a glass of poison to drink. If she died she would be guilty —if she threw it up, and was thus saved, she was innocent. Just as she was raising the glass to her lips, in bounded Mary. With a whispered command to her to run, they were both out of the door before the drunken beasts knew what had happened. Hiding the woman in her own house, she faced the chiefs resolutely refusing to give the woman up. In vain did they threaten and cajole. Finally they released all but three prisoners, saying that they would go no further. Still Mary would not give in. Then two more missionaries from down the creek arrived, and added their bit by helping to divert attention. They had their magic lantern with them and did all in their power to make up for the loss of human sacrifice by giving a magic lantern exhibition as a big feature of the funeral. As a result, when the chief's son was buried, only a cow had been placed in the coffin. For the first time in the history of the tribe, the death of a chief's son had not been accompanied by human sacrifice. In some mysterious way this little frail woman had been able to have her way. Her fame went out into all the land and there grew a strong feeling that she was more than human.

But the trouble was not yet over for the whisper went about that the dead boy's oldest uncle had been responsible for the death. Mary, the minute she heard of the matter, went to him, finding him in a rage and determined to take the poison test himself to prove his innocence. First she tried ridicule, but he was too drunk to reason with her. Then she secretly searched his possessions and finding some of the poison beans, started home feeling sure she had foiled him. But she was quickly recalled by the screams of his wives who declared he had some more hidden in a bag with his cartridges. She openly demanded the bag and finally in exasperation he threw it at her. Coolly she searched the bag, finding forty of the deadly beans concealed within. With thumping heart but outwardly calm, she said ironically, "I'll take the liberty of keeping these," and walked out unmolested between the lines of protesting armed men.

It was courage such as this that commanded their respect and fear. Moreover, her sense of humor and her imagination stood her in good stead. Sometimes she would hear that a palaver was on and trouble brewing and she would

realize that for some reason she could not get there in time. Immediately she would scribble a few words—anything—on a piece of paper, then splash on some sealing wax and send the paper post-haste by a swift runner. Although the men at the palaver could not read the paper, they could talk about it long and seriously—and thus they would occupy themselves until she would have time to arrive and settle the dispute.

Her great influence over the people naturally attracted the attention of the government and she really became unofficially a representative of Great Britain. One of the many government officials who knew and honored and loved her wrote as follows:

"What sort of woman I expected to see I hardly know; certainly not what I did. A little frail old lady with a lace shawl over her head and shoulders, swaying herself in a rocking chair and crooning to a black baby in her arms. Her welcome was everything kind and cordial. I had had a long march, it was an appallingly hot day, and she insisted on complete rest before we proceeded to the business of the Court. It was held just below her house. Her compound was full of litigants, witnesses and onlookers, and it was impressive to see how deep was the respect with which she was treated by all. She was again in her chair surrounded by several ladies—and babies-in-waiting, nursing another infant.

"Suddenly she jumped up with an angry growl: her shawl fell off, the baby was quickly transferred to some one qualified to hold it, and with a few trenchant words she made for the door where a hulking, over-dressed native stood. In a moment she had seized him by the scruff of the neck, boxed his ears, and hustled him out of the yard, telling him quite explicitly what he might expect if he came back again without her consent. I watched him and his followers slink away very crestfallen. Then, as suddenly as it had arisen, the tornado subsided and—lace, shawl, baby and all—she was again gently swaying in her chair. The man was a local monarch of sorts who had been impudent to her, and she had forbidden him to come near her house again until he had not only apologized but done some prescribed penance. Under the pretext of calling on me, he had defied her orders, and that was the result.

"I have had a good deal of experience in Nigerian Courts of various kinds, but have never met one which better deserves to be termed a Court of Justice than that over

which she presided. The litigants emphatically got justice —sometimes like Shylock, 'more than they desired'— and it was essential justice unhampered by legal technicalities."

And yet this brave woman who was so daring in the African forest was a very different person on her infrequent furloughs to Scotland. Everywhere she was in demand, for people had been thrilled by her remarkable letters home, but she spoke rather unwillingly and then only to women since men in the audience made her very nervous. On the occasions when men were unfortunately present in some such capacity as presiding officer, she was obliged to ask them to sit where she could not see them. But those who did hear her were indeed fortunate. At one meeting a woman asked her, when she was describing the making of her cement floor to keep out the ants, whether she had ever had lessons in making cement. "No," she replied, "I just stir it like porridge; turn it out, smooth it with a stick, and all the time keep praying, 'Lord, here's the cement; if to Thy glory, set it', and it's never gone wrong yet."

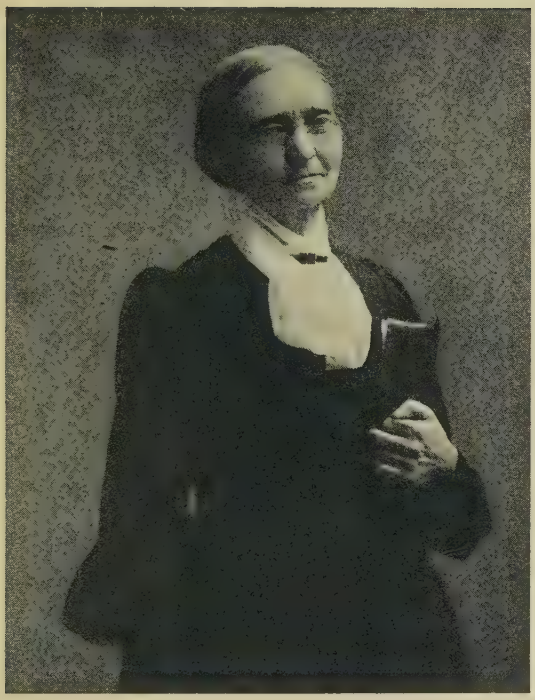
As time went on, there came a growing feeling that there should be some official recognition of the remarkable service she had rendered in opening up and Christianizing West Africa. But she hated praise. To one who wrote from Scotland, "Your reward will be a starry crown in the glory land," she had replied, "What would I do with starry crowns, except to cast them at His feet?" Sir Frederick Lugard took the matter up and his recommendation was warmly received at court and to Mary Slessor's amazement she received word that she had been elected, with the sanction and approval of His Most Gracious Majesty King George V, as Honorary Associate of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. This honor is conferred only on persons professing the Christian faith who are eminently distinguished for philanthropy, or who have specially devoted their exertions or professional skill in aid of the objects of the Order. The badge, a maltese cross in silver, is worn by women on the left shoulder attached to a black watered ribbon tied in a bow.

At first she kept the matter a secret, but when the badge itself arrived officially at Duke Town, she could no longer hold back. A government launch came for her and everyone turned out in her honor. There were teas, and dinners, and a cricket match, and then came the official presenta-

tions. She sat during the ceremony with her head in her hands, and when it came time for her to speak she spoke first to the native boys and girls from the Training School, asking their loyalty to the Government because at bottom it was Christian. She then said that she felt the honor did not belong to her alone—it should go to the Mission and it was the government's way of recognizing the good which the Mission had done. Absolutely no credit would she take to herself.

But all of her friends were beginning to worry about their "Ma". Her long years of hard service, the terrible shadow of the world war starting in Europe, all seemed to be weighing her down. Her adopted children watched her with tender solicitude but even their care could not save her.

A government launch again came for Mary Slessor and this time she went in a casket draped with the Union Jack. At Duke Town the mourners were gathered—government officials, merchants, missionaries and the pupils of the school. All the flags were at half staff and a great crowd lined the road. At the grave stood a great throng of the natives who had known and loved her. Some started to weep, but old mammy Fuller, who had loved her dearly, said, "Don't weep, don't weep. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. 'Ma' was a great blessing." A blessing indeed, for because of her, hundreds of people born in that section once called the most wicked in all Africa, are today joyous Christians.



JOANNA P. MOORE

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
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CHAPTER V

By the Firelight

JOANNA P. MOORE, 1832-1916

Outline—

A. Early life before the Civil War.
   1. Trained as teacher.
   2. Her decision for home rather than foreign service.
   3. A celebration of Emancipation Proclamation in Rockford, Ill.
   4. Her first commission.
   5. Back home.

B. Later life.
   1. Louisiana and her plans.
      a. Bible Bands.
      b. "Hope."
      c. Sunshine Bands.
   2. The Fireside Schools.
      a. Its plan.
      b. Its success.

C. Death and funeral.

CHAPTER V

By the Firelight

JOANNA P. MOORE

There was wild excitement in Rockford, Illinois. A great jubilee meeting was being held to celebrate the signing by President Lincoln of the Emancipation Proclamation. People were wild with their enthusiasm over the freeing of the negro. There was at least one person, however, in that meeting that night who did not look glad, for she could not help wondering what was going to happen to all those poor ignorant black people now that they *were* free.

Joanna P. Moore, like many a girl before and since, had for years been hoping to become a foreign missionary. For several years she had been getting all the education she could to prepare her for her task, and in between times, gaining still better education by teaching in public and private schools. And now, suddenly, seated in this big gathering, it had come to her that God needed *her* more right here in America than in foreign lands. It was hard for her to believe, for she was so anxious to go to foreign lands, but try as she would she could not get away from the need of those millions of black freedmen.

She was just thirty-one when she decided to start her life work, and she received her commission from the American Baptist Home Mission Society. There was no salary attached to the commission, but the First Baptist Church of Belvidere, Illinois, pledged her four dollars a month for her work. In addition, the United States Government promised her transportation to her station and a soldier's rations.

With such bountiful provisions she started her fifty-three years of sympathetic service for the negro. Her first ten years were a remarkable preparation for the plans she was eventually to evolve. First on Island No. 10 in the Mississippi she sought to help those poor, ragged, ignorant, helpless refugees. Since she was a natural born teacher she sought to organize them, both on the island and later in Arkansas, into classes where they could learn to read the Bible. Moreover, with a courage which must have seemed

almost foolhardy at that perilous time, she dared to work among the negro soldiers, and had the satisfaction of seeing sixty of them converted.

But again it looked as though her work could not go on as she had planned. Her mother, in poor health, needed her and for several years she worked near her mother, never forgetting the work for which she longed. In 1871 the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the West was formed and she was asked to go out as their first foreign missionary. But there was no hesitation now, for she realized that God had a work for her in America.

Two years later she went to Louisiana where she was to labor for eighteen years. The churches of Illinois took up collections to support her work, but it was not until 1877, when the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society was organized, that she had a definite organization behind her. She had the honor of becoming its first missionary.

Very evidently, Miss Moore was a great believer in the home. In all the leaflets and booklets which she was continually writing and publishing for her black friends she repeatedly said: "Helping the home means helping all departments of life."

In a small way she started her work in Louisiana, going from home to home and talking about cleanliness and temperance. It was a hard task, for they were an unlovely people, and she was doing her task not because she loved them but because she felt it was her duty. Gradually, however, love naturally came in, and with it a new joy in the work. Four plans were evolved in her fertile brain which have proved of remarkable value to thousands of negroes.

First, she started a Bible Band with the following constitution:

"The object of the organization is: First, to study and commit to memory the word of God for our own edification and comfort. Second, to teach it to others. Third, to supply the destitute with Bibles. It shall be the duty of each member of the Band to read a chapter each day, to read the Bible to all the sick, to carry the Bible with them when they go on a visit."

The organization grew so rapidly that at the end of five years there were about six thousand members.

The second venture was a magazine called "Hope", an appropriate title indeed! Two mottoes appeared on the cover: "Have faith in God," and "Love one another."

This venture too met with success. From a first edition of five hundred copies it grew with the years into editions of thousands. For twenty-six years Miss Moore acted as editor, always managing to keep the magazine out of debt and never allowing any advertisements to appear in it. Even after she became honorary editor she did not give up her responsibility but until the time of her death wrote the daily Bible lessons.

Her third inspired plan was the development of Sunshine Bands, an organization to reach the large group of negro children who did not attend Sunday Schools. These were especially for children whose parents were uninterested or who had no suitable clothes to wear to church. Miss Moore very wisely said: "It is so much easier teaching children dressed in everyday garments in one's own home, than in the Sunday School."

All of these plans finally merged into the one great plan for which she will always be known—the Fireside School. For several years she had tried to run in Baton Rouge a school for mothers where she might instruct them in the care of home and children. "The White League" however, in a notice nailed to the school gate, ordered Miss Moore to close the school under penalty of death. It said "You are trying to educate the niggers to consider themselves the equals of white people." At the top of the notice was a skull and crossbones. In no way daunted by this threat, Miss Moore tried to go on, but she could not, for the colored women were too fearful.

But this very failure opened the way for the big work of her life. In 1892 she organized her Fireside School with the following objects:

First—to secure the daily prayerful study of God's word at home by parents and children reading together.

Second—to teach parents and children, husbands and wives, their respective duties to each other, and to teach them how to live daily.

Third—to teach each family how to be a help to its neighbors.

Fourth—to teach temperance and industry.

Fifth—to supply homes with good books and reading matter.

Sixth—to educate along secular lines as well as religious.

Seventh—to be a help to the church.

In order to become a member of this great correspondence school, each applicant was required to sign the pledge

and read the daily lessons in "Hope". Parents who were not Christians could become associate members by promising to read the books and leaflets suggested in the three years' reading course. The course contained the following: "For Mother", "Peep of Day", "Second National Temperance Reader", "Conversion of Children", "Kind and True", "Courtship and Marriage", "Line upon Line", "Black Beauty", "Twelve Bible Temperance Lessons" and the Bible. Such a course of reading was bound to have a great influence on a people who were just beginning to have an opportunity to live their own lives with little assistance from anyone. It took the place of the public school which should have been available; it helped to make negro churches more worthwhile; it went to the very foundations in organizing the home, an institution impossible in days of slavery.

The Nashville Globe of April 21, 1916, carried an eight column article headed as follows:

"Miss Joanna P. Moore Laid to Rest. Impressive Funeral Services over the Remains of One of the Most Notable Women and Christian Workers of the 19th and 20th Century."

Thousands of both black and white friends attended the funeral of the little old lady who had for fifty-three years been trying to bring about a better understanding between the races. Of all the wonderful things which were said at that funeral, perhaps nothing was so inspiring as the letter written by Miss Moore herself, and read at the service. She wrote in part:

"Yesterday Sister Mary Givson said, 'Sister Moore, I wish you would write and say what you would like done if you should die suddenly.'

"I had thought of this many times before but I had nothing I needed to say but what I have often said. 1. I would like to be buried in a colored graveyard in the South, because then the dear colored people, especially the little children and mothers, would feel free to come to my grave. Poor dear people. No one but God knows how tenderly I love them and sympathize with their many trials . . . 2. I must have everything connected with my funeral very *simple and inexpensive*. I may not have one cent in the bank when I die. There may be a few hundred and that will be needed for the Firelight School. 3. Sometimes I have wished that I might have enough left to keep at least one native worker in Foreign fields for ten years after I

go 'to be with Jesus'. My heart so longs to tell the poor heathen what a wonderful Saviour I have and I know I will care *far more to tell the story of Jesus' love after I see Him face to face.* . . . 8. I bespeak, I *plead* for more *love,* more patience, more *real help* for our colored people. They are kind, they are struggling hard to be wise and good. They have never had a *fair chance.* They are as good as any other race would have been with the same environments."

With such aspirations and such a spirit we are not surprised to read in the memorial issue of "Hope": "She can never die. She built her own monument in the hearts of thousands in the humble homes of a despised race. The colored people owe her a debt of gratitude which they can only pay by being true to God and in extending His kingdom upon earth."

CHAPTER VI

The Girl Who Was Afraid

MARY MORRILL, 1864-1900

Outline—

A. Mary Morrill's home in Maine.
B. Her fear and her determination.
C. Her associates.
   1. Annie Gould.
   2. Tracy Pitkin.
   3. Meng.
D. Conditions in China.
E. Trouble.
   1. Feng.
   2. Mary addresses mob.
   3. Mob destroys Presbyterian compound.
   4. Mob returns.
   5. Tracy Pitkin's death.
   6. Capture of Mary and Annie.
F. Martyrdom.
   1. After effects.

CHAPTER VI

The Girl Who Was Afraid

MARY MORRILL

Once upon a time there lived in Maine a girl who was very timid. The very thought of being a missionary and going to some strange, dangerous country filled her with terror—and yet, somehow, she felt that she ought to go. Several times the American Board turned down her application, since they felt she was not suited for the work; but still she persisted and finally, rather reluctantly, she was accepted and sent to China.

She found, to her dismay, when she arrived in China, that her fears were justified for the country was seething with anti-foreign sentiment. The strange yellow people with their impassive faces filled her with a strange terror, but she started in at her work, praying that God would keep her from running away from the task which seemed so hard. With her at her station were Horace Tracy Pitkin, a wealthy young Yale graduate who was giving his life to China, and Annie Gould, a recent graduate of Mt. Holyoke, that college which has given so many volunteers to the mission fields. Mrs. Pitkin and her young son had been obliged to return to America.

The political situation had been tense for some time and the British minister had openly denounced the activities of the Boxers, but the Boxers continued their propaganda encouraged by the hostile attitude of the Empress Dowager and her court toward foreigners. The Boxers, whose Chinese name really means "Righteous Harmony Fists", were largely boys and young men who were deluded by a kind of crude hypnotism into thinking that they were invulnerable and that it was their duty to kill these terrible foreign devils who were clearly responsible for drought and all the other evils to be found in China.

Posters everywhere helped to inflame the much incensed people, and some of them found a growing satisfaction in shedding human blood. Nor was the hatred all manifested toward the foreigners. Hundreds of Chinese gave their lives rather than deny the Saviour who had died for them two thousand years before.

One of the co-workers of Mary Morrill and the rest at Pao-ting Fu was a Chinese by the name of Meng, the first ordained native pastor of the American Board. He was attending a conference in T'ung Chow, when he heard that the railroad had been destroyed and communication with his station cut off. Immediately, in place of fleeing to safety as he might easily have done, he returned on foot, a four days' journey, to aid in his station. Arrived in the city, he went about his work as though nothing had happened. When urged to flee he said, "Our missionaries have remained with us; we will stand by them and live and die together." He finally sent his fifteen year old son away, urging him to save himself that he might take his father's place as a preacher in case the worst happened. On Friday, June 29, 1900, Meng was seized, his head chopped off and exposed like that of a gross criminal; but just nine months to a day after his death a very wonderful memorial service was held for him and the other martyrs, showing how the tide of public opinion had turned within a few short months.

On Saturday, feeling became distinctly more hostile and bold. Evil rumours began to leak through into the American Board compound, and to the ears of frightened Mary Morrill. Then came a feeling of relief for a tall young soldier came at the head of some troops ostensibly to guard the compound. Young Feng, the soldier, had been much disgusted when he had first been ordered to guard the foreign devils. He had been observing them and the more he saw of them the less he liked them. He had tried one of them out when he had preached in the street the strangest nonsense. The white man had said "Resist not evil,— . . . if any man would have thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." In fun Feng had thought "We'll see if he means that," and he had seized one side of the rickety table the missionary was carrying. Sure enough the missionary, not realizing that Feng was having his little joke, held on to the table and would not let him have it. And so Feng was not anxious to play the role of protector to these people who did not practice what they preached. But he did not long feel disgust over his new order for the dignitary who gave him the order added with a wink, "See that your men do not interfere with any who may make a disturbance." This was the sort of joke which eighteen year old Feng dearly loved.

MARY MORRILL

With a chuckle he saluted the dignitary and marched with his troops to the American Board compound, while Mary Morrill within the compound sighed with relief at the welcome sight. And then came in the distance a terrible sound, the sound of a shrieking, yelling mob out for blood. Weak with terror, Mary looked out of the window. To her unspeakable horror she saw that Feng and his soldiers instead of turning back the mob, were talking with them in the friendliest manner imaginable. Then came the sound of the battering ram upon the compound gates, and she knew that it was a question of only a few moments before that bloodthirsty mob would be surging into her very room. Quietly she slipped away and down to the gate. Feng, just outside, was watching operations with the keenest interest, when to his amazement he saw the gate open from within and a white-clad woman step out. It was Mary Morrill, and she was not running away as she had feared she might.

The mob were so startled that they fell back and became silent and then Mary Morrill's quiet voice was heard even on the outskirts of the crowd: "Why do you come here to kill us? We are your friends; we seek only to do you good. Have we not visited you in your homes? Have we not taught your children and healed your sick? Is it for this that you would kill us?"

The mob began to recover itself and angry voices called out: "You are our enemies and we mean to kill you!"

"Then let me die for the others," said the girl who was afraid. "Kill me, but spare my friends. Here I am, helpless and alone; take me—you can do what you please."

The crowd was amazed and somewhat ashamed at such talk and those nearest to the girl began to push the crowd back—and then in the erratic way of mobs the crowd left the mission and young Feng, who had been near enough to see and hear clearly all that had passed, was thoughtful.

"There's a woman who practices her religion," he said to himself. "Perhaps there is something in it after all. But, overcome by the blood lust and eager for excitement, he hurried after the mob to witness the burning of the Presbyterian Compound and the murder of their missionaries.

But the blood shed there was not enough and in the eccentric way of mobs, the group surged back to the American Board compound. This time the gate was quickly battered down and with a sweep of a great curved sword Tracy Pitkin was beheaded. The two white women were

found praying in their room. At first the crowd hesitated, but the desire for blood was too great, and they were quickly led away prisoners to a Buddhist temple. Here with three other missionaries and a little English girl five years old they spent the night while their captors planned tortures for them on the next day. But the next day, instead of bringing torture, brought unexpected mercy for they were taken outside the city walls and swiftly beheaded. Mary Morrill, the girl who was afraid, had been given, as were hundreds of other Christians, both white and yellow, in that terrible year, a divine and triumphant courage.

Nor did the story end with Mary Morrill's death. Feng could not forget the girl who had been willing to give her life for her friends. The memory of it all haunted him, and so it was not strange that one day when he heard John R. Mott speak he became fully persuaded that there was only one step that he could logically take, and he became a Christian.

Rapidly did the young soldier rise in his profession. He gradually began to attract attention because of the strangeness of his tactics. As he rose in rank, he more and more used Christian methods with those under his command. Finally, he became a general, and then a field-marshal, and his name began to appear on the front pages of newspapers all over the world and with his name always appeared the word Christian. Mary Morrill, in dying, through her influence on the one young soldier, has affected thousands. And so it was with all the rest. A religion which made such disciples was not easily to die out in China. Despite the hundreds of deaths, more and more became inquirers into this strange new religion with its fearlessness and its joy. And during the thirty years since, more and more are learning, and in some cases giving their lives; for in China they *know* today that whosoever loseth his life for His sake, shall save it.

CHAPTER VII

Foundations

ISABELLA THOBURN, 1869-1901

Outline—

A. Early life in Ohio (Birth—1869).
   1. Her mother.
   2. Her brother.
   3. Her education.
   4. A school teacher.
   5. Her offer to go to India.

B. Formation of Methodist Women into a Foreign Society.
   1. Dr. Swain, first medical missionary in Orient.
   2. Miss Thoburn, first teacher missionary in Orient.

C. Life in India.
   1. School.
   2. Expansion.
   3. High School.
   4. College.
   5. Methods.

D. Influence in America.
   1. Lilavati Singh.

E. Death in 1901.

CHAPTER VII

Foundations

ISABELLA THOBURN

What an inspiration a brave Christian mother is! Small wonder that Isabella Thoburn, with a mother like hers, did not hesitate, during a smallpox epidemic, to nurse one of her Indian teachers when the doctor said there was no hope. When no nurse was to be found, Miss Thoburn simply took charge and—the young woman lived in spite of the doctor's prediction.

Her mother set an example that was bound to have its influence on all of her ten sons and daughters on that little Ohio farm. One day a maniac, brandishing an ax, entered their house. Mrs. Thoburn quietly went on about her household duties, talking to him in a kindly way, and, when he had become quieted, asked him for the weapon which he willingly gave her. The poise of the mother was certainly not lacking in the famous daughter.

But she was not a "famous" daughter from the very start, and it seems rather strange that a woman who was to make such a contribution to the world in the field of education should have been, until the time she was sixteen, rather uninterested in school. Moreover, as a girl, she had no intention of being a missionary. It took a half-joking letter from her brother, James, (later Bishop Thoburn) to arouse her interest.

James Thoburn, missionary in India, had been feeling very keenly the loss of his wife. It was impossible for a man to reach the secluded women of India, and so he suggested at the end of a letter full of the needs for education for the Indian women, that his school-teacher sister join him. To his amazement she replied that she would come just as soon as a way opened.

Sixty or seventy years ago women did not do many of the things which seem so ordinary to the present day girl. To be sure there had been a few women of the type of Helen Hunt Jackson, famous for her fight for the rights of the Indian; Harriet Beecher Stowe, ardent advocate for the negro; and Susan B. Anthony, revered today because of her activities along lines of temperance and women's

suffrage. But these women had been lonely pioneers. In a few denominations there was just beginning to be talk of women's foreign missionary societies.

And so it was that just about the time when Christian women were beginning to awaken to their new responsibilities and Isabella Thoburn was looking for a "way to open" to India, eight women gathered in Boston to form the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church. Mrs. Thomas Nicholson, the present president of that now great organization, tells of how later a tablet was erected to commemorate that momentous occasion. Upon the tablet were the names of those few women who, full of hope and faith, braved a heavy storm to attend the meeting. At the unveiling of the tablet, one little old lady sadly shook her head and said: "My name ought to be there. I had my bonnet all on and tied, but it was raining so hard that I decided not to go."

It took real courage also to brave the storm of male disapproval, so prevalent at that time when timid women were beginning to assert themselves. The men of the churches were both amused and alarmed at the trend of affairs. One editor remarked sarcastically that the next thing in order would be the organization of the "little boy's missionary society." But the women went on despite their lack of money and precedent, and sent as their first two missionaries to the women of other lands Isabella Thoburn and Dr. Clara Swain. Each was destined to do a wonderful pioneer work in her chosen field; Dr. Swain established the first hospital for the women of the Orient, and Miss Thoburn was the founder of the first Christian college for women in all Asia.

The two women missionaries, backed by the new, weak, little organization, set sail on the same boat for India. Dr. Swain was sent to Bareilly, in the north of India. It was a hard task she faced, for not only were people even in America somewhat dubious about the ability of a woman in medical work, but in addition, she had to work in a country where women had for untold generations been isolated. In a wonderful way she gained the confidence of the people and the government, and soon she was living a life romantic enough to suit anyone. The Nawab of Rampur, and others high in authority, delighted to honor and aid her. Their elephants and their camels were at her disposal, and finally she was even given a valuable piece of land upon which to build her hospital. This developed

ISABELLA THOBURN

into a medical school and Dr. Swain lived to see the day when the secluded women of India came out of their retirement to become Christian doctors.

Isabella Thoburn was sent to Lucknow, where she was received very suspiciously. Unfortunately there was prevalent a belief that these strange white people were collecting girls to send to America where they would be killed so that medicine might be made of their eyes.

Against such obstacles Miss Thoburn began to work in her attempt to raise the standards for women. Her first school was held in one little room on a noisy street of the city. Six girls appeared the first morning, and a sturdy boy with a big stick guarded the entrance against any who might interfere. Two months later there were seventeen girls. One of the big problems which confronted her first was the race and caste problem. We think we have a big problem when it comes to race prejudice here in America, but it is nothing compared to that which Isabella Thoburn faced in India in 1870.

With a wisdom and a poise inherited, perhaps, from her sensible mother, she tackled the problem by absolutely freeing her own mind from race prejudice. Instead of spending a good deal of time talking on the subject, as we do nowadays in America, she simply lived what she believed. The effect was so remarkable that one of the pupils in her school has said: "I have not seen any place where race prejudice is put so nearly out of sight."

It took twenty years for the little school to grow into a full high school. And then, naturally, came the question of still higher education. There was a growing demand from some of the girls for an opportunity for a college education, and Miss Thoburn made up her mind that they should have it.

On her furloughs in America, she was asked to speak, but at first she felt that she could not possibly do it. Finally she promised to answer questions from her seat in the audience if anyone cared to know of her work. At the very first meeting where she tried this plan, the questions came thick and fast. As her heart warmed at the manifest interest, her answers became longer and longer, and before she knew it she was really making a speech to the great audience.

From that time on she was in great demand as a speaker everywhere in America, and fortunate indeed were the people who were able to hear her. On one of her trips

home she brought with her Lilavati Singh. This brilliant Indian girl made a profound impression. President Harrison, who heard her at the great Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, said with tears in his eyes that if Miss Thoburn's school had produced only one such girl it was more than worth it all.

At the time of one of her returns from America she found things going badly. In the words of one of her former pupils: "One of the first things she did was to give up her own cool and quiet room for the noisy quarters of the matron in the boarding-house, while the matron was allowed to occupy a room at one end of the house and to continue her work as usual. We can now understand that this was done to check a certain laxity in the management of the girls, without offending any of the parties."

"When Miss Thoburn rang the rising bell with her own hands the girls did not find it hard to rise early; when she made her own bed and dusted the things in her room the girls felt that their special duty was even to sweep their rooms and keep them tidy; when she wrote her business letters, it was the most natural thing for everybody to be quiet. The matron too received much help. The store-room was kept in good order, and the meals of the girls were properly attended to, because she went into the kitchen at least once a day, and peeped into the storeroom every now and then; the sweepers were well watched, because she went around the whole place to see if it was clean; the sick girls were nursed with much care and patience, because she had the worst cases in her own room, and sat up nights with them, and so on through the whole routine of duty. In the school building too there was much skill in the methods of teaching and keeping discipline, because Miss Thoburn herself taught the most difficult subjects, and also some of the least promising classes. All this was done with a quiet dignity which inspired both love and awe in all around her, and grown-up people were struck with the wisdom which guided her to do all things without offending.

A few years before she died, Miss Thoburn herself wrote: "I am convinced first, that while there is so much to be done in the world it is impossible to accomplish it all, or a large part of it by salaried work; and next, that life is not long enough, nor money plentiful enough, to spend much of either on the clothes we wear."

It was only two months after she and Lilavati Singh returned from their successful mission in America that Miss Thoburn was stricken with cholera and died. At that time one of the missionaries of another denomination spoke of a thrilling fact. "Here," he said, "was a rich and powerful government, anxious to promote the cause of female education, on the one hand, and a Christian woman without money, prestige, or other resources, on the other. Both had the same object in view and both were in the same field, but the lone missionary worker succeeded, while the powerful government met with comparative failure. The whole case is simply a marvel."

And even more marvelous is the fact that the successful experiment in Christian education, born in the minds of the Ohio school-teacher and her brother, encouraged others to try the experiment, and today we owe in some degree to Isabella Thoburn the fact that there are in China, India and Japan, seven wonderful Union Christian Colleges, giving to thousands of Oriental girls the opportunities for which they long.

MARTHA TROECK

CHAPTER VIII

Beside the Golden Door

MARTHA TROECK, 1865-1924

Outline—

A. Her early life in Germany.
B. New York and Dr. Walter Rauschenbush.
C. Baptist Missionary Training School.
D. Ellis Island.
   1. Kind of work.
   2. Kind of people.
E. Chicago.
F. Death.

CHAPTER VIII

Beside the Golden Door

MARTHA TROECK

Let's pretend! You are a little girl living in Italy (or any other country across the sea that you would like to choose) just a few years before the World War. A perfectly wonderful stranger-man has been talking to your father about America and its opportunities, and at last, to the amazement of the whole village, your father has decided to go across the seas and pick up some of the nice golden dollars which are so abundant there. He goes, and then his letters come back, but your mother reads between the lines and realizes that he is not as happy as he expected to be, but under his orders, she does not let on to the neighbors that he is disappointed in America.

Then one glorious day comes word that he cannot stand it any longer, and there is money enough enclosed to carry your mother and all your brothers and sisters to America. Such a big pile of money as it seems but the letter adds a warning that it must be very carefully spent or it will not be enough. Everyone in the village is almost as excited as you are, and it seems as though you can never finish getting things together in great bundles for the trip. And then come the last farewells, and down deep in your heart you know that your mother is very sad about the prospects. You cannot understand how she can feel that way.

At last you find yourself in a smelly part of a great vessel—and you begin to wish you had not started. But there is no one to comfort you and care for you, for all your family are very sick.

But one day you suddenly begin to come to yourself, and you look around with a little interest to see what is going on. There are evidently two kinds of people, you discover, on the boat—your kind and the other kind. Your kind live herded together almost like cattle, but the other kind apparently have lots of room, good food and very *strange* clothes. You spend hours staring at them, and wondering about them, and they do the same to you.

There are strange tales told in the steerage and you begin to listen eagerly to them. Some of your shipmates have been in America before and they swagger a bit as they

brag about what they have seen, but others who have never been there speak with authority also, for they have sons and daughters who have written strange tales. By the time the great towering Goddess of Liberty is in sight, you have a weird idea of your new home. You expect to find lots of money, Indians, wild animals, very tall buildings, strange new churches, and lots of foreigners speaking strange, queer tongues.

Almost before you know it you see the famous Goddess, and you are surprised to see that some of the older folks are weeping softly and then you are disembarking at a strange big pier called Ellis Island.

You had been so sure you would see your father the very first thing—that you are rather stunned when he does not appear. It kind of frightens you, too, to notice the frightened worried look in your mother's eyes. All of the other Italian friends of the passage over have in some mysterious way disappeared, and you and your brothers and sisters collect about your mother and cuddle up close, feeling that in some way or other she will protect you from you know not what.

Suddenly a great big man comes along and says something gruffly to you all. You all stare, for he is apparently one of the foreigners, and he talks very queerly. He repeats the words loudly to you—but still you stare. And then he shouts them—as though shouting would help you to understand them. Still you all stare with terrified eyes, not knowing what to do. But just then the nicest woman comes up, and stands in front of the man and smiles and says in broken Italian, "Just wait a moment here. I'll bring some one who can talk to you." And then she hurries away. You look around for the man, but evidently the nice woman has frightened him away. In a moment she is back, and your mother is weeping and explaining all about how worried she is about your father, and the smiling lady is comforting her and the other lady is finding out all about you so as to find your father.

It takes a long time to locate your father, and in all those weeks as you wait you all grow to love and depend upon Miss Troeck, the smiling lady, and like hundreds of others you learn that she, too, has been an immigrant and knows what it means to come to America. That is the reason, your mother says sagely, why she could help so much and seems to know just how homesick everyone feels.

Christmas comes before your poor father can be located,

and your mother has warned you it will not be like the dear Christmas in Italy—but it is, only different. The smiling Miss Troeck and the other nice ladies have a wonderful Christmas all planned, and there is beautiful singing of songs—even in Italian—and there are good things to eat—and best of all, a beautiful doll dressed in American clothes for you.

You have begun already to feel queer about your own clothes, and the lovely doll with her dainty dresses gives you an opportunity to tell Miss Troeck how you feel about it. Miss Troeck talks to your mother and they both decide that the only clothes you have have received pretty hard usage. Wonder of wonders, you have the nicest bath with sweet-smelling soap and then are dressed in the prettiest and strangest clothes. Your own mother does not know you when you step out, and the baby is so afraid of you that he cries when you try to pick him up.

Finally father is located, and all of the red tape is cut and you and your father and mother and the children are at last safe on board a train. How happy your mother looks—and younger, too. Your father looks old and tired and worried, but his face seems to lighten as you hear your mother telling him all about the smiling Miss Troeck and how she has helped, and how she had already written to friends she knows in your new home-town who are going to be watching for you and will help you.

And then she asks you to show your father the little Testament she had given you and your father's face darkens and he says, "I'm through with the church." And your mother fearfully says, "But this is Protestante." He is *very, very* cross at first, but, thanks to Miss Troeck and her friends in the new home-town, he changes his mind, and things happen so quickly, and you learn so much that before many months you feel and act just like an American and are looking with pitying eyes on some foreigners who have just come from Italy and who wear the queerest looking clothes and cannot speak English.

Perhaps it was because Martha Troeck had rather a hard time as a little girl that she was able to do such sympathetic work among the immigrants at Ellis Island. She was born in Germany and as a small child lived in a happy Christian home, but later, when her father died, all was changed. A step-father was very unsympathetic, even antagonistic, about her religion, and tried to force his own faith upon her.

After young Martha had felt it her duty to be baptized in a Baptist church, to her mother's sorrow she was forced to leave home and to live with a maiden lady who took her in as though she had been a daughter. Here she was very happy in her church work and in her dressmaking, but all the time she felt that she ought to be doing full-time Christian work.

When she moved to New York she came under the influence of Professor Walter Rauschenbush whose sister she had known in Germany. For some time she worked with him and absorbed some of his ideas as to what Christianity may mean in social relations. Then he insisted that she become a missionary under the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and himself made arrangements for her to attend the Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago.

From that time on, Miss Troeck was happy in her work which has truly been to interpret America to new Americans. She worked in Ellis Island until our immigration laws were so restricted that there was no need for her there, but she went on with some kind of work in Chicago, where she lived again in the dormitory of the Training School.

One morning she did not come down to breakfast, and, since it was her birthday, a group of girls went up to sing a birthday song outside her door. To their consternation, they found that she was not there. Investigation followed, and it was learned that on leaving her Bible class at Raymond Institute the night before she had been killed by a taxicab. She had been taken to the morgue, where she had been listed as "unknown". Unknown, perhaps to some, but loved and honored by thousands to whom she had shown a Christian America.

Engraven upon that beautiful Statue of Liberty which guards the entrance to New York Harbor are these words, written by a Jewish girl:

> "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled
> masses yearning to breathe free.
> "The wretched refuse of your teeming shore—
> "Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me—
> "I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

It has taken hundreds of lives like that of Martha Troeck to open that shining golden door.

MARY REED

CHAPTER IX

A Modern Miracle

MARY REED, 1857-

Outline—

A. Early life in Ohio.
B. Missionary at Cawnpore, India, under Methodists.
C. Illness in America.
D. Leprosy.
E. England and the Himalayas in 1890.
F. Her plan (Mission for Lepers).
    1. Disease gradually abates.
    2. Rebuilds Chaudag.
    3. Enlarges work.
G. Present status of work.

CHAPTER IX

A Modern Miracle

MARY REED

The crowd of sightseers pressed eagerly about the guide. Canterbury was full of interest. Here they could almost see the group of lepers of long ago coming to the Tomb of Thomas à Becket, and there at St. Martin's was the very hole, called the "Lepers Squint", through which the poor afflicted loathsome creatures used to look in longingly at the worshippers. Yes, it was all very horrible and very far away—and no one there that day, about 1890, dreamed that a leper was in their midst.

Mary Reed in some mysterious way had become a leper, and even now was on her way back to the very leper colony in the Himalayas which seven years before had awakened her sympathy. It had all appealed to her as so forlorn and hopeless, and now she felt absolutely certain that God wanted her right there.

Less than thirty years before Mary Reed went to India the first time, there had been a terrible massacre in a place called Cawnpore. Nana Sahib, the Wolf, had shut up two hundred English women and children in two small rooms and kept them there for two weeks and one evening two peasants, two butchers and a soldier had entered the place and hacked the inmates to death. The bodies had then been flung down a fifty foot well. To this very place had come a white woman to teach and nurse some of the very women who had witnessed the horrible scene years before. For several years the white woman had worked, but she had been sickly. The malaria got into her system—and try as she would, she could not seem to rid herself of the disease. And then came the usual prescription—back to America.

But the American air which usually does such wonders for worn out missionaries did not have the power to heal Mary Reed. In vain did she try hospitals and doctors but none could seem to name her trouble or heal her. She felt wretchedly, and one finger bothered her continually, while on her cheek came a queer dark spot. Finally, the

doctors agreed that it must be some obscure oriental disease—and then, in a flash, Mary herself knew what it was. She was a leper.

Very few doctors in America, we are glad to say, have had any practical experience with leprosy, and so she again visited specialists in New York and then in London. But before she sailed for England, she told only her sister the sad news, as she felt it would be too hard on her mother and the rest of the family to know the truth. Can you imagine the courage it took to say good-bye for the last time to her family and not to betray her feelings!

In England she had viewed the "Lepers Squint" and had gone bravely on without a sign; then on to India and to Chandag Heights in the Himalayas to care for the pitiful little group of huts and stables holding thirty-seven poor diseased bodies, with five hundred more suffering from the disease, near at hand. From this poor place she wrote to her sister of her joy at the prospect of service among those who are perhaps the most needy people in the world, and asking that her mother be told of her condition.

Back in the 1890's there was no known cure for leprosy. The only thing to do was to give the medicines which helped a little in some cases, and make the patient as comfortable as possible until death came as a happy release. Mary Reed made up her mind that she would put herself in God's hands, take no medicine, and do His work among those stricken people as long as He gave her the strength.

Her first task was to pull down as rapidly as the money furnished would allow, the old ramshackle buildings and hovels and to substitute in their places neat little white stone houses with garden plots, with a little church set in the midst. But gardens require water and even a very small community requires water for drinking and for washing, and the Indians in the nearby village naturally objected to having lepers drinking from their stream. So a new spring had to be found, and the water brought in, and walls had to be built to keep the jackals and porcupines out of the gardens.

Of course, it wasn't very long until she had more than thirty-seven patients. They were difficult sick people too, for they were naturally as cross and ill-tempered as most of us are when we are sick—but no matter how cross they were she kept taking in more and more of them. And as she cared for their loathsome sores she told them why she was there, and the very fact that she, too, was one of them made them listen in a different way. It was strenu-

ous work acting as superintendent, housekeeper, headnurse, minister, and bookkeeper. With only two native assistants she worked from before the break of day till night, and she had the satisfaction of seeing patient after patient completely changed into real Christians.

But it was lonely work, living so far from home and friends—and when at the end of seven years she was urged to come to North India to a Methodist conference, she went gladly. She received a royal welcome, but with a sympathetic realization of the feelings that many must have toward her, she did everything in her power to spare all. To the amazement of everyone there was no outward trace of the disease. Miss Reed herself said, "I know I have divine health given me in answer to prayer, the prayer of a multitude of hearts, and that's enough for me." Appropriately, at the beginning of her address to the conference, she asked the great audience to sing,

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

Not for one moment in all these years of joyous service, has Mary Reed been willing to receive praise for what she had done. To her the recompense has seemed very wonderful. In the first place, the physical strength which has been hers has been remarkable. Then there has been the joy of seeing the transformation which has come to all the lives about her. A hundred years ago a leper could be stoned, burned, or buried alive, and now today, under the auspices of the Mission for Lepers their physical bodies are not only cared for, but they learn that they are not being punished because of some terrible sin committed during a previous incarnation.

The pity of it is that in the world today there are still probably two million lepers. The scientists have succeeded at last in finding a cure, and have also discovered a method of quarantine by which the terrible disease may be wiped out, but as is so often the case, neither the Mission for Lepers nor governments have been able to obtain the money necessary. What a wonderful thing it would be if we could have the money it would take to build a warship or two and wipe out this plague. Surely it would be much more helpful toward bringing about peace and good-will on earth.

Back in 1906 Miss Reed became so well that she returned to America to visit her family for a short time, but for

the most part she has stayed close to the work which she believes God has given her to do.

It has not been easy. There has been not only the loathsome leprosy to combat, but there have been famine and cholera and, worst of all, loneliness. But still she has struggled on. One of the hardest things which she has to do is to take well children from diseased mothers. The mothers love them so dearly that at times it seems as though they cannot bear to give up their little ones even though it is for the best. When they have once been segregated, they are no longer allowed to touch each other but they are allowed to see each other. Some times this gives an opportunity for a mother to be overcome by her desire for her child and then perhaps there is a kidnapping and trouble.

Another hard trouble to combat is the tendency on the part of some of her patients to grow so bitter about their affliction that they run away from her loving care and throw in their lot with a wicked lawless group who do not care what they do. It is easy to see how, particularly in the case of young people, this could happen.

During and after the war, to all her other trials was added the difficulty of buying at reasonable prices. While people in America and elsewhere were profiteering, the same thing was going on even in the Himalayas. With her great desire to do all the good possible, it was hard for Miss Reed to see her work handicapped and lessened. But despite it all she worked on and when in 1923 some of those interested in the work visited her, they were amazed to find her so vigorous. One thing which particularly impressed them was the fact that she kept so up to date. The walls of her little bungalow, Sunny Crest Cottage, were lined with books, and pictures of celebrities.

And speaking of celebrities—! In 1917 the devoted and self-sacrificing work of Miss Reed was no longer allowed to pass unnoticed, and her name was included in the list of Birthday Honors as a recipient of the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal as a recognition of her service to the lepers in the Chandag district.

In recent years it has been felt that Miss Reed should have help, and so in 1926 there were added as helpers a preacher-teacher and a purchasing agent. It is amazing how she has accomplished such remarkable work alone!

Since Chandag is so remote it has not as yet been possible to bring the present day scientific treatments to this lonely station. As soon, however, as the proper individual

and the funds are available, the Mission for Lepers plans to open a station for such treatment at Almora Home, fifty miles from Chandag, where Miss Reed's most promising cases may be carried.

We are often struck by the fact that there were so many Marys who loved and honored Jesus during his life on earth. Here surely is another to be added to that beloved list, and one who has loved him more than most, if loving, joyous, painful service is any criterion.

CHAPTER X

She Followed in His Train

ELEANOR CHESTNUT, 1868-1905

Outline—

A. Birth in Iowa in 1868.
B. Her parentage and babyhood.
C. Her struggle for an education.
D. Her happy years at Park College.
E. Her medical course in Chicago.
F. Further training.
G. China.
   1. Her work.
   2. Her methods.
H. Furlough.
I. Return to China.
J. Her death at the age of 37 years.

CHAPTER X

She Followed in His Train

ELEANOR CHESTNUT

Would you like to wear somebody else's old clothes? You wouldn't, of course, and neither did Eleanor Chestnut —but she did, just the same, for it was the only way to get her college education and she was a very determined young woman.

This story starts out in Iowa in 1868, when a little girl was born, and ends thirty-seven years later when a Chinese mob cruelly murdered that same girl. And during those thirty-seven years it almost seemed as though Eleanor had more than her share of sadness—although she would have been the last one on earth to admit it.

First, her father deserted her mother, and then her mother, worn out by overwork and sorrow, died; and Eleanor Chestnut and her brothers and sisters were separated and cared for in different families. Eleanor was taken by a man and his wife with small means who did for her as they were able. She probably was not the easiest person in the world to care for, for when she found that she was an orphan, she was filled with resentment. It did not seem fair to her that other girls should have homes and nice clothes and mothers to love them, while she had none of these things.

The only fun she had at all was at school, and then suddenly when she was twelve even that pleasure had to be given up, for she was sent to her aunt in Missouri to live on a farm in a primitive backwoods country where schools were considered luxuries.

One day this rather sullen, resentful little girl heard of Park College, a place where boys and girls could earn their way through school. In her usual straightforward manner she sat right down and wrote direct to the president, Dr. McAfee, and asked him all about it, and Dr. McAfee, glimpsing a bit perhaps of what might be the result, wrote her to come on.

Such a forlorn, quiet, rather eccentric little girl it was who arrived to work her way through the academy and college. Summer and winter she stayed in Parkville plugging away to gain an education and a living. An older

brother occasionally sent her a little money, and Mrs. McAfee gave her clothes out of missionary barrels. Do you wonder that inside she just hated those clothes?

But finally she got through with that part of her education and her life lay before her. The Christian influence of the college had made itself felt, and not only had she become a Christian but she had decided to become a missionary. She confided to a friend that one reason why she felt she ought to go was that she had no one to care very much if she did go. Nor did she say this in a self-pitying way, for she had grown to look at things in a different light.

Despite the fact that she was not particularly interested in, or fitted for medical work, she decided that that would be the way in which she could be most useful. And so, again without money, she started this new branch of her education. She lived in an attic in Chicago, cooking her own meals (mostly oatmeal), and finally received her degree. This she followed with a course in training as a nurse, and took a short course at Moody Bible Institute.

At last she was ready and received her appointment from the Presbyterian Board to work in South China. For a girl who all her life had to be managing cleverly in order to make both ends meet, it was no great shock to find, when she arrived far inland at Sam-kong, that her equipment was to be meager and the work difficult to carry on.

First, there was the language to be learned, for it was not easy to prescribe for a patient with whom she could not talk. Moreover, it was quite essential that she be able to read the labels on the medicines in the dispensary. Though after all, even without the language she could not have done worse for her patients than the Chinese druggist who gave her the following excellent prescription which he had found especially fine for ulcers. He said: "You catch some little rats before they get their eyes open, pound to a jelly, and add lime and peanut oil."

The very fact that she had always been so lonely herself made her especially sympathetic with those poor women in remote South China who had little to do aside from combing their hair, doing a few household duties, and carrying their children on their backs until they were five or six years of age. Their natural lack of intelligence, in place of irritating her, filled her with pity, and she threw herself eagerly into her work.

There was already a small hospital for men at her station, and the Board had voted one for women. But money

ELEANOR CHESTNUT

and plans from America were too slow in arriving, and Eleanor took from her salary as it came each month one dollar and fifty cents for her own expenses and put all of the rest into bricks for the hospital for women. Of course when the Board discovered accidentally what had been going on they insisted on refunding the money, but so insistent was Eleanor on having her share in the fun of giving, that she eventually was allowed to do much more than her share.

She had a way of doing things quietly in the hopes that no one would ever know, but some things did leak out. One day the other missionaries noticed that she was limping. When asked about it she said that it was nothing of any importance. A little quiet inquiry in the hospital disclosed the fact that an operation on the leg of a Chinese coolie had not been an entire success and that she had herself cut skin from her own leg and grafted it onto his leg.

In 1902 she spent a busy year on furlough, studying, speaking and raising money for the work she loved. On her return, she realized that there was danger in the air. As is natural in a country which has been much disturbed by dissension from within and by interference from without, there was a growing anti-foreign feeling. The more intelligent knew and appreciated the services which were being so freely and lovingly given, but a mob does not reason. It lusts for blood.

It was near the close of a Chinese celebration that Dr. Mackle remonstrated with the elders of the village that they were again holding part of their celebration upon the mission property. The elders were reasonable and the matter was adjusted but the mob would not be persuaded.

Dr. Chestnut, followed by part of the mob, hastened for the police, and would have been safe had she remained on the police boat; but, knowing the danger threatening the others, she hurried to Dr. Mackle's home where the rest were gathered. They all escaped through a back door to the river where the ferry man refused to take them across to safety. They started on foot, but were so closely followed by the mob that they had to take refuge in a Buddhist temple.

Behind the temple they hid in the rocky caves but the mob were not to be balked. All except two of the party were found and dragged out to their death. As they were huddled together down the temple steps into the shade of a great tree, Eleanor noticed a boy in the crowd with an ugly

gash in his head. Calling him to her she tore a piece from her dress and bound up the wound of her last Chinese patient. Then the mob hit her and threw her into the river, and stabbed her—and with her died eleven-year-old Amy Mackle and her mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Peale who had been less than forty-eight hours at the station where they were to start their work.

On the day of her death, there arrived at the Board rooms a letter from her, written several weeks before, containing this poem:

"Being in doubt, I say,
Lord, make it plain!
Which is the true safe way?
Which would be in vain?

"I am not wise to know,
Not sure of foot to go,
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so clear to Thee;
Lord, make it clear to me."

There was sorrow in China as well as in America over the dreadful deed. The following letter came from Canton Christian College:

"To the Family and Relatives of Dr. Eleanor Chestnut:

"We are sadly shocked and deeply chagrined to hear of the hideous massacre at Lien-chow. It is indeed a surprise to us. After she and the other missionaries up there had done so much for the benefit of our people, instead of appreciating and feeling grateful for the many kindnesses received, they repaid them in such a cruel and brutal way. This is a shame to our people, a shame to our race! It is a sad and melancholy spectacle to see our people become so degraded and debased mentally; for there is no excuse whatever for their savagery and brutality. When we think of this our hearts break.

"We can imagine your distress and despair at the loss of your loved one. Believe us you have our warmest sympathy and prayers for God's blessing upon you all. Your loved one has gone to her eternal home to be with the Savior. She is at peace after a life of labor and toil, enjoying her reward. And who knows but that her 'faith unto

death' influence may be more to the lives of the people at Lien-chow hereafter than it has ever been before?

"Accept our deepest sympathy and heartfelt apology.

"With utmost respect we are very sincerely,

"Students of Canton Christian College."

Nor have these been the only deaths at the hands of Chinese mobs. But still they go on, that band of Christian missionaries, risking their lives gladly in the hopes that in the future there may emerge a new China, able to take its place as one of the Christian nations of the world.

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